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PIA DESIDERIA:

OR,

Divine Addresses,

In Three BOOKS.

Illustrated with XLVII. Copper-Plates.

Written in *Latine* by *Herm. Hugo.*

Englished by

EDM. ARWAKER, *M. A.*

The Second Edition, with Alterations and Additions.

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE.

FROM *my first acquaintance with this Author, which was as early as I was able to understand him, I found him so pleasing and agreeable, that I wish'd he were taught to speak* English, *that those who could not understand him in his own language might by that means partake of the satisfaction and advantage I, at least, receiv'd in my conversation with him. And finding that not any Pen had been employ'd about the Work, (for Mr.* Quarles *only borrow'd his* Emblems, *to præfix them to much inferiour sense) rather than it should remain undone, and such an excellent piece of Devotion be lost to those who wou'd prise it most,* the Religious Ladies of our Age: *I resolv'd to engage in the attempt; and the rather, because the* Subject *was suitable to my* Calling, *as a Clergyman, as the* Sense *was to my* Fancy, *as an humble Admirer of* Poetry, *especially such as is Divine.*

But on a more considerate perusal of the Book, *in order to a* Translation, *I found some thing in it which put a stop to my proceeding, that even my zeal to have done, cou'd scarce prevail with me to undertake the Work. For my Author, I found, was a little too much a Poet, and had inserted several fictitious stories in his Poems, which did much lessen their gravity, and very ill become their Devotion; and which, indeed, wou'd take from them that prevalency which they ought to have, as serious* Addresses from the Soul to God, *over the affections of all that read them. But at last my inclination to the Work, made*

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me resolve rather wholly to omit those Fictions where I met them, than recede from my design. And accordingly I have made it my business to leave them always out, only where I con'd think of an apposite example out of the Scriptures, I have used it instead of the fictitious one omitted. As in the first Poem of the second Book, where the Author brings in Phaeton *as an example of Mens desiring Liberty in choosing, tho' their choice proves oftentimes their ruine; I have used the Prodigal Son, as more suitable in that design, and I am sure to the gravity of the Poem. And such another alteration I have made in the second Poem of the third Book, where, instead of* Cydippe's *being deceiv'd by* Acontius *with an Apple, I have mentioned* Eve's *being so deluded by the* Serpent. *And in several other places I have done the like, where those fabulous stories came in my way, as whoever has the curiosity to enquire, may find, by comparing the* English *and the* Latine. *And in all this, I think, I have rather done my Author a* kindness *than an* injury. *But there is another thing for which some of the Author's Friends may perhaps call me to an account; that is, for omitting several historical passages taken from the* Legends of Saints *and* Martyrologies: *And for this I must return in my own behalf, that it was not out of any disregard to, or prejudice against the Saints and holy Persons of whom the account is given, nor that I superstitiously disbelieve their stories, however some perhaps may with too much superstition credit them; but the true reasons of my leaving out the mention of them were these:* First, *because I knew that great part of the Readers would be strangers to their Histories, and must*

must consequently be at a loss in understanding the Poems. Secondly, *because the truth of the relations is not so evident as to render them unquestionable, I thought them better left out, especially since they are only bare recitals of such passages, without any improvement of Fancy, or luckiness of Thought upon them, which could not injure the Book by being omitted, whereas the inserting* that part *might prejudice some nice judgments against the* whole. *And, which was my* third *reason, might be a hindrance to the Impression.*

But however they may censure me for this, *I hope they will not take it ill that I have left out the Satyrical part of the second Poem of the first Book, wherein the Author reflects on the* Monks *and* Friars *in their variety of Habits, and contests about them; for indeed, I thought it something too uncharitable to have any room in so divine a Poem. And now I am apologizing for* omissions, *let me not forget to acquaint the Reader that I have left out some of the Author's sense, particularly in the eighth Poem of the second Book, and in the second Poem of the third Book: In the first of which he recounts all the several sorts of Perfumes he can think of, and in the latter makes a long recital of the various kinds of Flowers, both which rather* tire *than* delight *the Reader, and he must be unkind if he does not thank me for omitting them. But still it may be objected against me, that I have made bold with my Author, in* varying from him, *and sometimes* adding to him: *'Tis true, I have done* both; *as in the third Poem of the first Book for instance, where, instead of mentioning* Podalirius *and* Melampus, *and the other Physicians, I have used ten lines*

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of my own; and in the fifth Poem of the same Book, I have given an account of Man's Creation something different from that in my Author (both which, as all the other variations *and* additions *may be known to the English Reader by their being printed in the* Italick Character.*) But whether I have impair'd the sense, whether done for the better or the worse, I must submit my self to the judgment of the Learned, whose pardon I must beg for whatever is amiss, and particularly if in any thing I have injur'd the worthy Author, to whom I am willing to make all the reparation I am able. And if I have injur'd him in other additions, I have done him a kindness in that of the tenth Poem of the third Book, where he seems to apologize for* Self-murther; *for what I have there added takes away all possibility of mistaking him, who I am confident was too good a Christian to design any thing of that kind, and we find he sufficiently condemn'd all such attempts by this Verse:*

Oquoties quæsita fugæ fuit ansa pudendæ!

which I have rendred,

How oft woul'd I attempt a shameful flight!

where the Epithet he gives to flight, *proves that he had no good opinion of it. And this gives me the hint to say something of his wishing for death in the eighth Poem of the same Book, which is not any way meant in favour of Self-murther, but a pious desire of the Soul to be freed from the captivity of the Body, that it might enjoy its Saviour; which is no more than what St.* Paul *tells us of himself,* that he had a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. *More might be urg'd in behalf of my Author on this account,*

but

but that he needs no apology, and I have enough to do to excuse my self, for 'tis not improbable I shall be accus'd of an indecorum as to Chronology, in the fourth Poem of the first Book, in bringing in the glorious Saint and Martyr King Charles *I. with our late Monarch, for examples of the misfortune that oftentimes attends the greatest and best of men, instead of* Menelaus *and* Dionysius: *but I desire the Reader to give me leave to inform him, that I design my Translation to represent the Book as if now but first written, and where then could I produce more apt examples of the instability of Fortune, and the sufferings of good men, than* those Princes *were, whose Unhappiness, like their Excellencies, had no parallel? I am sure* They *must be more suitable than* Dionysius, *whose tyranny made him unpitied in his misery. And having told my Reader my design, I hope he will not blame me for changing the* 7th. *of* May *(which I suppose was my Author's Birth-day) to the* 27th. *of* July *(which was my own) and applying to my self all that part of the eighth Poem in the third Book; and then I am confident I shall not be condemn'd on any hand for that digression in the fourteenth Poem of the same Book, wherein I conceive the joyful reception of his sacred Majesty King* Charles *the First's Soul into Heaven, and the great satisfaction which his Son's Succession to the Crown brought to those Cœlestial Spirits, who being lovers of Right and Equity, must be exceedingly pleas'd to have his undoubted Title take place, for that they are affected with some transactions here below, is evident from our Saviour's words,* That there is joy in Heaven among the Angels over sinners that

that repent; *and why not then over the Just that are rewarded?*

I would not willingly tire my Reader with a long Preface, and therefore shall only add a word or two in behalf both of my Author and my self. 'Tis true the Title-page in the Latine *declares him of the* Society of Jesus, *but his Book shews nothing either of his* Order, *or particular* Opinion *in Religion, but that he is an excellent Christian in the main: and indeed he seems to me to have designedly avoided all occasion of offence to his Readers of a different judgment; for tho' in the fourteenth Poem of the first Book he had a fair opportunity of mentioning* Purgatory, *he wholly declines it, and takes no notice at all of such a place. And in the twelfth Poem of the third Book he says nothing of* Transubstantiation, *tho' he had occasion to mention the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And this particularly I thought necessary to offer, lest some may think I have mis-render'd him in those places, which, if they consult himself, they'll see I have had no occasion for it. Thus having made my excuse for some things which I fear'd might be carpt at, if I have any other faults, I shall detain the Reader no longer, but let him go on to find them.*

ERRATA.

Page 35. *line* 11. *read* believed. *p.* 39. *l.* 6. *r.* bubbling. *p.* 40. *l.* 8. *for* us, *r.* as. *p.* 65. *l.* 6. *r.* Circumstances. *p.* 68. *l.* 4. *f.* in, *r.* is. *p.* 96. *l.* 3. *f.* what, *r.* why. Ib. *l.* 5. *f.* why, *r.* what. *p.* 109. *l.* 1. *f.* XV, *r.* VII. *p.* 131. *l.* 1. *r.* Fellows. *p.* 141. *l.* 22. *r.* strained. *p.* 142. *l.* 22. *r.* meat *p.* 178. *l.* 4. *r.* Beasts. *p.* 195. *l.* 24. *r.* relief. *p.* 207. *lin.* 7. *r.* Servant.

TO

TO THE DESIRE OF THE Eternal Habitations, JESUS CHRIST,

Whom the Angels desire to pry into.

Lord, thou knowest all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from thee, Psal. 38. vers. 9.

BY no discov'ry did I e'er impart
The secret *pantings* of my *love-sick* Heart;
Whose close *recesses* to no other eye
But that *great Pow'r*'s that fram'd them, open lie:
He only views my thoughts in their undress,
And *His bright beams* search thro' their nakedness:
To Him each secret sigh, each silent groan,
To him the bottom of my Soul is known.

Who can his ſenſe t'another's ears convey,
Unleſs himſelf his own deſigns betray?
Yet, cou'd *Diſcov'ry* gratifie my wiſh,
Concealment ſhould not long defer the Bliſs:
But no *relation* can my wants relieve,
Or limits to my boundleſs wiſhes give.

Rachel awhile did her loſt Sons deplore,
But finding Tears in vain, ſhe wept no more.
Thus Fire *emits*, and then *devours* its Seeds,
And on its Off-ſpring the wild *Parent* feeds.
Thus, when the Clouds have empty'd all their Rain,
They drink up the exhauſted ſtock again.
And thus I beſt receive the tears I ſhed,
And turn the *Streams* back to their *Fountain-head.*

(GROAN

Then, what my Thoughts are, while I deeply
Only to me, and him I love, is known;
What I deſign in every ſilent *VOW*,
Only *my ſelf*, and *my Beloved* know;
And my thick *SIGHS* a myſtick Language prove,
Unknown to all but *me* and *Him I love*

How oft have I, with pious Fraud and Art,
In a diſſembled look bely'd my heart?

Pleaſur

Pleaſure and Mirth without deludes the ſight,
While all within is *Torment* in the height.

No Faith in Tears, for Tears have learnt deceit,
No Faith in Smiles, unleſs your ſelf you'd cheat.
I *weep*, the haſty World believes I'm ſad;
I *laugh*, and they as faſt conclude me glad.
How little ſhows my Face my Minds intent?
I *ſmile* when *griev'd*, when *pleas'd*, I moſt *lament*,
Not the *Camelion* changes more than thoſe,
Whoſe every wiſh new *Maſquerades* expoſe;
None knows my ſecret *GROANS*, and *VOWS*, and *SIGHS*,
None but *we Two*, and only *we* ſuffice.

Heb. iv. 13.

Neither is there any Creature that is not manifeſt in his ſight, but all things are naked and opened to the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

With my Soul have I desired thee in the night. Isa: 26. 9.

P. 6.

SIGHS OF THE Penitent Soul.

BOOK *the First.*

I.

With my Soul have I desired thee in the night,
Isa. xxvi. 9.

HOW do my *wandring thoughts* mistake their way,
And in a Maze of darksom *Error* stray?
Lost in whose dismal *Lab'rinth*, I conclude
Th' *Ægyptian Plague* is in my Soul renew'd.
All cloudy, fearful, horrid; not one spark
Of Day; a Night for Night it self too dark.
No *Scythian* or *Cimmerian* Sky so black,
Tho' Heav'ns bright Lamps those gloomy Shades forsake;
Ev'n *Hell*, where Night in sable Triumph dwells,
Yields to the terror of my darker *Cells*:

For tho' no fav'ouring Star imparts its light,
To baniſh thence the thick *ſubſtantial* Night:
Yet *there* ſo much their puniſhment they feel,
As will not let them be *inſenſible:*
There the ſad Shades bewail their want of Light;
And ev'n the dim *Cimmerians ſee* 'tis *Night*,
And, when the *Scythians* ſix dark Moons have ſpent,
Th' expected Day returns from Baniſhment.

But I am to *eternal Night* confin'd,
And what ſhou'd guide me, is it ſelf ſtruck blind.
There's not one glimmering *Beam* that dares invade
The ſetled Horror of the gloomy Shade.
Nor can I hope but that I ſtill muſt ſtray,
Since I perceive not how I loſe my way;
But love th' unhappy darkneſs where I err,
And *Nights* foul Shades, to *Days* bright Lamp prefer.
For *Prides* falſe light miſguides my wandring mind,
And vain *Ambition* ſtrikes my Judgment blind:
Loves ſoft Enchantments my weak Heart entice;
His *fooliſh Fires* delude my dazled Eyes.
When theſe black Images my thoughts poſſeſs,
The darkneſs and the horror ſtill increaſe.
My Eyes have their ſucceſſive Night and Day,
And Heav'n allows *Them* an alternate ſway:
Oh! that my *Soul* as happy were as *They!*

That

That *Reaſon* jointly might with *Will* preſide,
Whoſe office 'tis the ſtragling *Mind* to guide!

They more are grieve'd who cannot uſe their Sight,
Than they, who never yet enjoy'd the Light;
And he that in Nights ſhades has loſt his way,
Salutes with greater joy th' approaching Day:
But that's a Night too tedious to be born,
Which never will admit the grateful Morn.

When the bright Sun returns to cheer our Eyes,
We haſte, like *Perſians*, to adore his Riſe;
Thither our early homage we addreſs,
And ſtrive who firſt ſhall his kind Influence bleſs.
Thus oft, on high, I Heav'ns bright Orb ſurvey'd
From Pole to Pole, and thus as oft have pray'd;
Shine, ſhine, my *Sun*, bright Object of my Song,
Thou that haſt left my watchful Eyes too long:
Riſe, riſe, or *half* thy beautious Face diſplay!
If that's too much, indulge me one ſhort *Ray*.
Yet, if that Bliſs is too ſublime for me,
O let it be enough to 've *wiſh'd* for Thee!

Bernard in Cant. Serm. 75.

The World has its Nights, and thoſe not a few. Alas! why do I ſay its Nights; ſince it ſelf is almoſt one continual Night, and always overſpread with Darkneſs?

II. *O God,*

O God, thou knowest my Simplicity and my faults are not hid from thee. Psal: 69. 5.

P. 10.

II.

O God, thou knoweſt my ſimplicity, and my faults are not hid from thee, Pſal. lxix. 5.

IF thou our childiſh *Follies* canſt not bear,
Thou, who doſt all things by *wiſe Counſels* ſteer;
Who can accepted, who can pardon'd be,
Since none from *Folly*, none from *Faults* are free?
Nor ſcapes, alas, the moſt *exalted mind*
This Poyſon, of ſo ſubtil, ſtrange a kind:
All whirl'd about by the ſame giddy *wind.*
'Tis vain to hide our faults, we've all been frail;
Folly's our *Birth-Right* by a long Entail,
Since our firſt Parents went *themſelves* aſtray,
And taught *us* too to fool our Bliſs away:
They for an *Apple* all Mankind betray'd;
Was e'er a more imprudent bargain made?
Nor *Eſau*'s Folly has its parallel,
Who, Wretch! devour'd his Birth-Right at a Meal.
Ev'n He,——
Whom *Sheba's Queen* for *Wiſdom* did prefer,
(Strange weakneſs!) acted *Folly* ev'n with *Her*;

Which

Which proves *that King*'s Oracious Sentence true,
Who says, that *Fools are num'rous, Wise-men few.*
Nor was the prudent *Moses*'s wish in vain,
When he of Mans destruction did complain:
" O that unthinking Mortals wou'd be wise,
" And place their End before their heedful eyes!
" Then Sins short pleasures they wou'd soon despise,
" Nor yield, like *Wax*, to ev'ry *Stamp* of Vice.

Wou'd any but a strange besotted Rout,
Th' *Existence* of a *God* deny, or doubt?
These, that in sin they may uncheck'd go on,
Perswade themselves to a belief of *None*.
Our very *Crimes* t'improve our *Folly* tend,
And we're *infatuate*, e'er we dare *offend*;
Nor does the growing frenzy *here* give o're,
But from *this Ill* runs headlong on to *more*:
We Castles build in this inferiour Air,
As if to have Eternal Beings *here*:
But when unthought-of *Death* shall snatch us hence,
We *then* shall own the fond Improvidence.
With endless and unprofitable toil
We strive t'enrich and beautifie the Soil;
This Soil, which we must leave at last behind
To those for whom our pains were ne'er design'd.

How

How does our toil reſemble Childrens play,
When they erect an Edifice of Clay?
How *idly* buſie and imploy'd they are?
Here, *ſome* bring Straw; there, *others* Sticks prepare;
This loads his Cart with Dirt; *that* in a Shell
Brings Water, that it may be temper'd well;
And in their work themſelves they fondly pride,
While Age the *childiſh Fabrick* does deride:
So on *our Work* Heav'n with contempt looks down,
And with a breath our *Babel-Tow'r's* o'rethrown.

What ſtrange deſire of *Gems*, what thirſt of *Gold*,
Thoſe, drops of Rain congeal'd; *that*, ripned Mold!
Yet *theſe* ſo much mens nobler Souls debaſe,
That they their bliſs in ſuch mean trifles place.
Ah! fooliſh Ign'rants! can your choice approve,
No more exalted Objects of your love,
That all your time in *their* purſuit you ſpend,
As if *Salvation* did on *them* depend?
Heav'n may be purchas'd at an eaſie rate;
But, oh! how few bid any thing for *That!*
Unthinking Men! who *Earth* to *Heav'n* prefer,
And *fading Joys* to *endleſs Glory there!*
The Crime of ſuch an inconſid'rate choice
Ought not pretend to Pardon, ev'n in Boys;

For

For *They* from *Counters* currant money know,
Almoſt as ſoon as they have learnt to go:
But *Men* (oh ſhame) prize counterfeit delights
Before the Joys to which kind Heav'n invites.

Oh! for ſome Artiſt to retrieve their ſenſe,
E're more *degrees* of Folly they *commence*!

But by Heav'ns piercing Eye we are deſcry'd,
Which does our ſins with Follies Mantle hide.
He's pleas'd to wink at Errors too in me,
And *ſeeing* ſeems as tho' he did not *ſee*.
He knows I've but a ſlender ſtock of *Wit*,
And want a Guardian too to manage it.
O then, ſome kind *Protection*, Lord, aſſign
This *Ideot Soul*! But 'twill be beſt in *Thine*.

Chryſoſt.

III.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak: O Lord, heal me, for my Bones are vexed, Psal. vi. 2.

SHall my just grief be querulous, or mute,
Full of *Disease*, of *Physick* destitute?
I thought thy Love so constant heretofore,
That *Vows* were needless to confirm me more:
And can'st thou now absent, and slight my pain?
What fault of mine has caus'd this cold *Disdain*?

O best *Physitian* of my *love-sick Soul*,
Whose sight alone will make thy *Patient* whole;
Thou who hast *caus'd*, canst thou *forget* my grief,
Which only from its *Author* seeks relief?

Shou'd they whose Art gave dying Fame new breath
And rescu'd their surviving Names from Death:
They in whose sight no bold Disease durst stand,
But trembling vanish'd at their least command;
They who each Simples *sov'rein Virtue knew,*
And to their ends *cou'd well apply them too:*

Shou'd they their skill in tedious Conſult try,
All, all wou'd fail to eaſe my miſery;
All their Preſcriptions *without* Thine *are vain,*
Thine *only ſuit the nature of my Pain.*
Thou who haſt *caus'd*, canſt thou *forget* my grief,
Which only from its *Author* ſeeks relief?

See! my parch'd *Tongue* my inward heat declares,
And my quick *Pulſe* proclaims inteſtine Wars;
While ſo much Blood's profuſely ſpent within,
That not one drop can in my Cheeks be ſeen:
And the ſame Pulſe that once gave brisk Alarms,
Beats a *dead March* in my dejected Arms:
My Doctors ſigh, and ſhrugging take their leave,
And me to Heav'n *and a* cold Grave *bequeath,*
While more than *they* the fatal ſenſe I feel
Of my *loſt health*, and their *ſucceſsleſs skill.*

What can the *Patient* hope, when ev'n deſpair
Diſcourages the loſt *Phyſician*'s care!
The ſubtle *Poyſon* creeps through all my Veins,
And in my Bones the fierce *contagion* reigns:
My drooping Head flies to my Hands for aid,
But by the feeble Props is ſoon betray'd:
Now my laſt breath is ready to expire,
And I muſt next to Death's dark Cell retire.

Vainly

Vainly I ſtrive my other pains to tell,
Becauſe their number's unaccountable.
In this forlorn unpity'd ſtate I lie,
While he who can relieve me, lets me die.
My Face all chang'd, and out of knowledge grown,
Ev'n I am ſcarce perſwaded 'tis my own.
My Eyes have ſhrunk for ſhelter to my Head,
And on my Cheek the Roſe hangs pale and dead.
No pow'r cou'd drive the fierce Diſeaſe away,
Nor force th' inſulting Victor from his prey.
My Bed I loath; nor can it ſleep procure;
My feſtring *Wounds* no Surgions hands endure.

My *Wounds*— But oh! that word has pierc'd my (heart;
The very mention does renew their ſmart;
My *Wounds* gape wide, as they wou'd let in Death,
And make quick paſſage for my flitting breath:
Nor can they ev'n the lighteſt touch endure,
But dread the Hand that wou'd attempt their Cure.
For, Lord, my *Wounds* are from the Darts of Sin,
That rage and torture my griev'd Soul within:
Here an hydropick thirſt of *Riches* reigns,
And their *Prides* flatuous humor ſwells my Veins:
Next frantick *Paſſion* plays the Tyrants part,
And *Loves* o'er-ſpreading Cancer gnaws my Heart.

Oft' to the learn'd I made my ſuff'rings known,
Oft' try'd their skill, but found redreſs from none:
Not all the virtue of *Bethesda's Pool*,
Without *thy help*, could ever make me whole.
Then to what *healing Altar* ſhou'd I flie,
But *that whoſe proſtrate Victims never die?*
To Thee, *Health-giver to the World*, I kneel,
Who moſt canſt pity what thy ſelf didſt feel:
There's no ſound part in all my tortur'd Soul;
But, *if thou wilt, Lord, thou canſt make me whole.*
See where, to cruel *Thieves*, a helpleſs prey,
Wounded and rob'd I'm left upon the way.
O Good *Samaritan!* my Heart revive
With Wine; my Wounds ſome *Balm of Gilead* give.
Then take me home, leſt if I here remain,
My Foes return, and make thy ſuccour vain.

Aug. de Verb. Dom. Serm. 55. cap. 55.

The whole World, from East to West, lies very sick; but to cure this very sick World, there descends an Omnipotent Physitian, who humbled himself even to the Assumption of a mortal Body, as if he had gone into the Bed of the Diseased.

Look upon my adversity and misery, (and forgive me all my sin. Psal. 25. 27.

P. 22.

IV.

Look upon my adverſity and miſery, and forgive me all my ſin, Pſal. xxv. 17.

CAN all my Suff'rings no compaſſion move,
And wou'dſt thou yet perſwade me thou doſt (love?
Thas oft been ſaid, believe it he that will!
That thoſe who Love, each others torment feel.
Canſt thou behold my grief, and ſeek no way
For my redreſs? True Love brooks no delay.
See what a ſervile *Yoak* my Neck ſuſtains,
Whoſe *ſhame* is more afflicting than its *pains!*
With any task my Soul wou'd be content,
But one whoſe *Scandal* is a *Puniſhment.*
Had my afflictions any parallel,
Taught by *Example*, I ſhou'd bear them well:
And 'twou'd, amidſt my woes, bring ſome relief,
To have *more ſhoulders* to ſupport the grief:
For braveſt *Heroes* oft' have felt the weight
Of their injurious Step-dame *Fortune*'s hate.
Thus our fam'd Martyr, *in his* Murd'rers *ſtead,*
Bow'd to a Rebel Ax *His* Sacred Head;

While His great Son, *a Prince of high Renown,*
The Heir of His bright Father's Name *and* Crown;
In an obſcure, ignoble Baniſhment,
Did His own Fate, *and* Rebels Guilt *prevent.*
Sad inſtances of Man's uncertain ſtate!
Yet 'tis no *Crime* to be *unfortunate:*
But my baſe Slav'ry is alone my blame,
And leſs to be bewail'd with *tears*, than *ſhame*;
And to a heavier ſum my woes amount,
Since I muſt place them to my own account.
Like captiv'd *Sampſon* I am driv'n about,
The drudge and ſcorn of an inſulting Rout.
Around I draw the heavy reſtleſs Wheel,
And find my endleſs task beginning ſtill:
Within this Circle by ſtrange Magick bound,
I'm ſtill in motion, yet I gain no ground.
O! that ſome *uſual Labor* were injoyn'd,
And not the Tyrant *Vice* enſlav'd my mind!
No weight of *Chains* cou'd grieve my captive hands,
Like the loath'd Drudg'ry of *its baſe Commands*;
By this a double miſery I contract,
Ev'n I *condemn* the hated Ills I *act.*
Yet of my *Chains* I'm not ſo weary grown,
But that I ſtill am putting others on.
For Sin has always this attending Curſe,
To back the *firſt Tranſgreſſion* with a *worſe*;

This

This to my ſorrow, I too often find!
Yet no Experience warns my heedleſs mind.
Thus *Vice* and *Virtue* do my Soul divide,
Like a Ship toſt between the *Wind* and *Tide*.
Pleaſure, the *Bawd* to Vice, *here* draws me in,
There, *Grief*, its *Follow'r*, pulls me back from Sin:
Yet *Pleaſure* oft comes Conqueror from the Field,
Whilſt I to *Vice*, inglorious Homage yield.
Tho' *Grief* does ſtill with *Vice* in triumph ride,
Plac'd, like a *Slave* by that great *Conqu'ror*'s ſide.
Thus *Vice* and *Virtue* have alternate ſway,
While I, with endleſs labour, *Both* obey:
And to increaſe my pains, as if too ſmall,
Thy heavy hand comes in the rear of all,
And with deep piercing ſtrokes corrects me more,
For what was puniſh'd in *it ſelf* before.
Thus guilty Souls in Hell are ſcourg'd for Sin;
Their never-ending Pains thus ſtill begin.

Canſt thou, *unkind!* behold my wretched Fate?
Canſt thou behold, and not Commiſerate?
Look on, O ſee if cauſleſs I complain!
O hold thy *Hand*, and mitigate my *Pain*!

Aug. in Pſal. xxxvi.

I ſuppoſe the World is called a Mill, *becauſe it is* turn'd about *on the* Wheels *of Time, and* grinds *and* cruſhes *thoſe that moſt admire it.*

V. *Remem-*

Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into dust againe. Iob. 10. 9.

P. 26.

V.

Remember, I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the Clay, and wilt thou bring me into Duſt again? Job x. 9.

HAS *Providence* regard to things below?
Or does it *ſlight* what its not *pleas'd* to know?
That the great *Author* of this brittle Frame
Forgets from what *Original* it came?

Ages, *to* Thee *are but as* yeſterday:
And canſt thou, Lord, forget *thy humble Clay?*
Form'd with a touch, *and quickened with a* breath;
In one ſhort moment made, *and* doom'd to death.
If thou haſt this forgot, receive from me
The ſtrange relation of the Hiſtory.
When this great Fabrick of the World *was rear'd,*
And its Orig'nal Nothing *diſappear'd,*
Then, in the cloſe of the Sixth *buſie day,*
Thou with a glance didſt the whole Work *ſurvey;*
And pleas'd with that fair product of thy Pow'r,
Won'dſt copy't o'er again in Miniature;

Then

Then was with all the Art of Heav'n design'd,
The mortal *Image* of th' immortal *Mind.*
Blest *Eden* was the place which gave him Birth,
And as he lightly leapt from Mother Earth,
Pleas'd Heav'n and Nature smiling greet his rise,
And bid him welcome into *Paradise.*
Hard by a silver *Stream* did gently pass,
Stealing its secret Path along the Grass;
But soon its head-strong Waves more fiercely hurl'd,
To view the *New-born* Master of the World:
Thence in four streams to distant Regions stray,
And bear the wondrous Tidings wide away.
Here from a Lump of despicable Earth,
Had Man *(the* less, *but* Nobler World) *his Birth;*
The Nobler, *since in his small* Frame *we view*
At once the World *and its* Creator *too.*
But things of finest texture first decay,
And Heav'n's great Master-piece is brittle Clay;
Ruin'd by that *which does its worth advance,*
And dash'd to pieces by the least mischance.
This frail, this transitory thing am I,
Who only live, *to learn the way to* die:
So soon shall Fate to its first Matter turn,
The curious Structure of this living Urn.
Thus China-Vessels, *wrought with* Art *and* Pain,
Are, without either, *turn'd to Dust again.*

Such

Such is th' uncertainty of humane ſtate,
Such the deſtructive haſte of neceſſary Fate!

Why then, my God, does ſwift-pac'd Time betray,
What of it ſelf's ſo ſubject to decay?
All to the *Grave*, their *Centre*, freely bend,
And *thither*, preſt with their own weight, deſcend;
Fate needs not any haſty vi'lence uſe,
To *force* a motion, which unurg'd they *chuſe*.

Did I the Stars more temper'd matter ſhare,
Till they firſt fell, I no decay ſhou'd fear:
Or cou'd I like th'unbody'd *Angels* be,
Like *them*, I'd triumph o'er *Mortality*.
But I, like Inſects, ſure, derive my Birth
From ſome Plebeian, putrifying Earth.
Why did not Heav'n an Iron temper grant,
Or hew me from a Rock of Adamant?

But how dare I with Heav'n expoſtulate,
Or blame the frailty of my mortal ſtate?
Nor ought proud Clay its Potter e'er upbraid,
Nor ſcorns he that weak Veſſel which he has made.

Rupert. in Jerem. lib. 1. cap. 4.

Dares the unhappy Clay blaſpheme the fingers of its Potter? How ſo! becauſe the Potter contracting his fingers, and ſtriking the Veſſel with his whole hand, it is violently daſh'd to pieces.

VI. *I have*

I have sinned, what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee

Iob. 7. 20.

VI.

I have sinned, what shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of Men? Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee? Job vij.20.

'TIS just, nor will I longer hide my shame,
But own my self egregiously to blame:
My Sins to such a mighty summ amount,
That hope of Pardon wou'd increase th'account;
And the black Cat'logue of their unwip'd score,
Calls for more Plagues than Vengeance has in store.

I own it, Lord, nor just *Dishonour* fear;
Since *publick Punishment* I ought to bear.
Here, at thy Feet, I humbly prostrate bow,
And beg my Sentence from thy Mouth to know.
Shall my own Hand thy dread Revenge *prevent*,
And make my self my own sad *Monument?*
Shall I with Gifts thy loaden Altar crown,
Or sacrifice the Beast, *my self*, thereon?
(*Tho' sure my Blood wou'd that blest place prophane,*
And give what it shou'd cleanse a fouler stain.)

All

All this, and more, if possible to do,
Wou'd fall far short to pay the Debt I owe.
But thou art not severe, nor hard to please,
Whom Blood and Slaughter only can appease:
Thy Sword thy *conquer'd Foe* has often spar'd,
And thence the best, the noblest Trophies rear'd.
No tyrant Passion rages in thy Breast,
But the meek *Dove* builds there her peaceful Nest;
Kind Guardian of the World! our Help, our Aid,
To whom the Vows of all mankind are made:
Who when thou wou'dst thy height of anger show,
A sudden Calm unbends thy threatning brow;
How kindly dost thou raise the prostrate Foe,
With the same hand that shou'd have struck the blow?

Wou'dst thou permit--- But oh! what Eloquence
Can with success appear in my defence?
Yet let me, Lord, plead for *my self*, and *Thee*,
Lest ev'n *thy Cause*, as *mine*, may injur'd be.
Lord, I confess *I've sinn'd*, but not *alone*;
Wilt thou impute a *common Guilt* to *One*?
Thy bare-fac'd Rebels still unpunish'd go,
As if thou mindedst nothing here below.
Unplagu'd, *like other Men*, the brutish *Swine*,
Wallow i'th' fowl excess of Lust and Wine:

Yet doſt thou ſtop thy *Arrows* on the ſtring,
Arreſt thy brandiſh'd *Thunder* on the Wing;
Sheath thy *red* Sword, juſt lifted for the blow,
And in its room mild *Olive-branches* ſhow.
But ev'ry ſlip, each inadvertencie,
Is magnify'd to inſuff'rable in me.
I am the Mark *of ev'ry wounding ſtroke,*
As if I only *did thy wrath provoke.*
This I confeſs, All I, alas! can do:
O hear my Pray'r, *with my* Confeſſion *too*!
Accept the good Effects *of an* ill Cauſe,
And Pardon Sin, that gains thee moſt applauſe.
' Forgive me, Conqu'ror! ſince thou muſt confeſs,
' Had I not Err'd, thy Glory had been leſs.

Greg. in 7 cap. Job, lib. 8. cap. 23.

Then God ſets Man as a mark againſt him, when Man by ſinning has forſaken God: But our juſt Creator ſet him *as a mark againſt him; becauſe he thought him his Enemy by his naughtineſs.*

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enimy.
Iob. 13. 24.

P. 34.

VII.

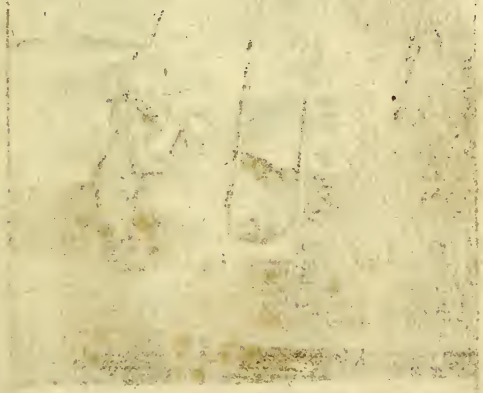
Wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy? Job xiij. 24.

IS't *my* great *Error*, or *thy* ſmall *Reſpect*,
That I am treated with this cold *neglect*?
I thought thy frowns were but *diſſembled heat*,
And all thy threatning looks an *amorous cheat*:
As tender Mothers draw the Breaſt away,
To urge their pretty Innocents to play;
Or as the Nurſe ſeems to *deny* a Kiſs,
To make the fonder ſuppliant *ſteal* the Bliſs:
So I believe thou didſt abſcond, and flee
Only to make me faſter follow thee.
But now, (alas!) 'tis *earneſt* all, I find,
And not *pretended* Anger, but *deſign'd*:
My kind Embrace you coldly entertain,
As if we never ſhou'd be Friends again:
And with ſuch eager haſte my preſence ſhun,
As Men from *Monſters* or *Infection* run;
As if my looks wou'd turn you into Stone:
But fear not that, the work's already done;

So cold *you are, so* senseless *of my smart,*
Some Magick sure has petrify'd your heart.
O let me know what Crime I must deplore,
That lets me see your *dear-lov'd Face* no more!
Ah! why that Face must I no longer see,
Which ne'er, till now, once lookt unkind on me?
Sure you believe there's poyson in my breath,
Or that my Eyes dart unavoided Death.
Prevent the danger with thy conqu'ring Eye,
Unsheath its Rays, and let th' Offender *die:*
Or else discharge a frown, and strike me dead,
For more than Death *I your* Displeasure *dread.*
Your Eyes are *all* I wish, let *them* be mine,
The *Sun*, unmist by me, may cease to shine:
Fair *Cynthia*'s beautious Eyes, I can contemn,
Tho' all the Lamps of Night fetch Beams from them:
But if, my Life, my Soul, thou *Thine* deny,
Heart-broke, in darkness and despair I dye.
And if thy very *Absence* cause such pain,
Guess what my Torment is to *Love*, but *Love in vain!*

Amb. Apolog. pro David.

If any of our Servants offend us, we are wont not to look upon them: If this be thought a punishment among Men, *how much more with* God? *for you see that God turned away his face from the Offering of* Cain.



O that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a fountain of Tears, that I might weep day and night. Jer. 9. 1.

P. 38.

VIII.

O that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a fountain of Tears, that I might weep Day and Night! Jer. ix. 1.

OH! that my Head were one vaſt ſource of tears,
With dubling *ſtreams* as num'rous as my *hairs*!
My Face a Plain, which briny Floods ſhould drown,
And ſcorning banks, come proudly rolling down.
That grief with inexhauſtible ſupplies,
Wou'd fill the Ciſterns of my flowing Eyes!
Till the fierce torrents which thoſe ſprings impart
Flow down my Breaſt, and ſtagnate round my Heart.

Not all the tears the Royal *Pſalmiſt* ſhed,
With which his Couch was *waſh'd*, himſelf was *fed*;
Nor *thoſe* which once the weeping *Mary* pour'd,
On the dear Feet of her *forgiving Lord*;
Nor *thoſe* which drown'd the great *Apoſtle*'s Breaſt,
Whoſe boaſted *Zeal* ſhrunk at th' affrighting *Teſt*;
Nor theſe, *nor* more than theſe, *can e'er ſuffice,*
To cleanſe the ſtains of my Impieties.

Give me the undiſcover'd ſource of *Nile*,
That with ſev'n Streams o'erflows th' *Ægyptian* Soil
Or, Noah! *let thy Deluge be renew'd,*
Till I am drown'd in the impetuous Flood;
Till Tow'rs, and Trees, and Hills appear no more;
All one vaſt Deſert Sea, without a Shore.

O that theſe Fountains wou'd their courſe begin,
And flow us faſt as I made haſte to Sin!
The weeping Limbecks never ſhou'd give o'er,
Till their laſt drop had empty'd all their ſtore.
Happy ye Fountains which for ever flow,
Whoſe endleſs Streams no Drouth or Summer know.
O that my Eyes had all the Drops which fell
From this *fair Spring*, *or* that *eternal Well!*
How do I grudge the Clouds their envy'd Rain!
How wiſh the boundleſs Treaſures of the Main!
Then ſhou'd my Tears, *like* that, *juſt motion keep,*
And I ſhou'd take a ſtrange delight to weep:
Nor the ſwift current of my grief forbid,
Till in the Waves this little World *were hid*;
Hid, as the neighb'ring Valleys are o'erſpread,
When the warm Sun melts *Pindus* ſnowy head.
The great Aſſyrian, *found in* Jordan's *Seas*,
A happy Med'cine for his foul Diſeaſe;

But what kind Torrent will my Cure begin,
And cleanſe my filthier Leproſie of Sin?

See! from my Saviour's *ſide a ſtream of* Blood!
I'll bath my ſelf in that Redeeming Flood:
That healing Torrent *was on purpoſe ſpilt,*
To waſh my ſtains, and expiate all my guilt.
That ever-flowing Ocean *will ſuffice*
For the defect of my exhauſted Eyes.

Hieron. in Jerem. cap. 9.

If I were all *diſſolv'd to Tears, and thoſe not only* ſome few drops, *but an* Ocean *or a* Deluge, *I ſhould never weep enough.*

IX. *The*

The Pains of Hell came about me; the Snares of Death overtook me. Psal: 18. 4.

P. 42.

IX.

The pains of Hell came about me: the ſnares of Death overtook me, Pſal. xviij. 4.

WHile in this ſad diſtreſs my ſelf I view,
Methinks I make that Heathen Fable true;
Of him whoſe bleeding mangled Carcaſs lay,
To his own Hounds expos'd a helpleſs prey.
Long I the pleaſures of the *Wood* purſu'd,
Till, like its Beaſts, my ſelf grew wild and rude;
I hop'd with *Hunting* to divert my care,
But almoſt fell my ſelf into the ſnare.

Yet to *thoſe Woods* (alas!) I did not go,
Whoſe inn'cent Sports give *health* and *pleaſure* too.
I ſpread no Toils to take the tim'rous *Deer*,
Nor aim'd my Javlin at the rugged *Bear*.
Happy, had I my time ſo well imploy'd,
Nor had I been by my own *Game* deſtroy'd:
I had not then miſ-ſpent my youthful days,
Nor torn my fleſh among ſharp thorny ways.

But I (alas!) ſtill ply'd the ſparkling *Wine*,
That poys'nous Juice of the pernicious *Vine*;
And this expos'd me to *Loves* fatal Dart,
The falſe betray'r of my unguarded heart:
Thou *Love*, haſt thy ſly Nets, and ſubtle charms;
Nor are thy Bow and Dart thy only Arms.
And treachierous *Wine* does fatal weapons bear;
The *Glaſs* is more deſtructive than the *Spear*.
Thus *Sampſon*, by his *Dalila* betray'd,
Was *Hers*, and then *his Enemies* Captive made:
Thus, when too freely Noah *had us'd the Vine*,
He who eſcap'd the Flood, *lay drown'd in* Wine.

Thus *Love*, by me purſu'd (alas!) too faſt,
Seiz'd my loſt Soul, and prey'd on me at laſt;
Within whoſe cloſe incircling Toils beſet,
I ſeem'd a Beaſt juſt fall'n into the Net:
Deſtroy'd by what my inclination ſought,
As *Birds* by their frequented *Lime-twigs* caught;
For Death around, its ſubtle Nets does ſpread,
Fine as the texture of the Spiders Web:
And as *perdue* that watchful Robber lies,
His buzzing prey the better to ſurprize;
But, taught by motion when the booty's nigh,
Leaps out, and ſeizes the entangled Fly:

Or as a Fowler, with his hidden Snare,
Contrives t'entrap the Racers of the Air;
While to *conceal* and *further* the deceit,
He ſtrows the ground with his deſtructive meat;
And faſtens Birds of the ſame kind, to ſing,
And weakly flutter on their captive wing:
So *Death* the Wretch into his Snare *decoys*,
And with pretended happineſs deſtroys:
Above the Nets we think a leap to take,
But head-long drop into th' infernal Lake.

Amb. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of Honours, the height of Power, the delicacy of Diet, and the beauty of an Harlot, are the ſnares of the Devil.

Idem, de bono mortis.

Whilſt thou ſeekeſt Pleaſures, *thou runneſt into* Snares; *for the Eye of the Harlot is the Snare of the Adulterer.*

Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant, O Lord. Psal: 143. 2.

P. 46.

X.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant, O Lord, Pſal. cxliij. 2.

THE *Maſter*'s gains to a ſmall ſum amount,
That calls his *Servant* to a ſtrict account;
And tho' the *Servant* has not wrong'd his truſt,
Where's the applauſe of being only *Juſt?*
Vainly the *Maſter* does a *Suit* begin,
To gain a Victʼry he muſt bluſh to win:
And if I'm over guilty made, no doubt
I muſt *go ſeek ſome other Maſter out.*
Believe me, *Lord, to be ſevere with me,*
Will wrong thee more than *my offending thee.*
I am ſo much too mean for thy regard,
Twill leſſen thee to mind how I have errʼd.
What! muſt thy *Regiſtries* the *pleadings* ſhow,
Swoln with the Hiſtʼry of *my overthrow?*
Or can I hope *my Cauſe* ſhouʼd *Thine* out-do,
Where Thou ſitʼſt *Judge,* that art the *Plantiff* too?
What Eloquence can plead with ſuch ſucceſs,
To free the wretch that does his debt *confeſs?*

Alas!

Alas! what *Advocate* beſt read in Laws,
Can *weaken Thine*, or *re-inforce my Cauſe?*
Ah! not too ſtrictly my *Accounts* ſurvey,
Nor for *Abatements* let me vainly pray.
Both Heav'n and Earth thy boundleſs Mercy know;
To *Pardon*, *eaſie*; and to *Puniſh*, *ſlow:*
Ev'n when our Crimes pull thy juſt Vengeance down,
'Tis rather grief, *than* anger, *makes thee frown:*
And when thou doſt our Puniſhment decree,
Thou ſeeſt our ſtripes with more concern than *we*;
And doſt chaſtiſe us at ſo mild a rate,
That what we bear, we ſcarce wou'd deprecate:
And tho' our ſelves we had the Judges been,
We hardly ſhou'd have lightlier touch't our Sin.
But tho' this *Character* is *All* thy due,
Let me thy *lighteſt Cenſures* undergo;
For tho' thy *Mercy* does no limits know,
Thy *Juſtice* muſt have *ſatisfaction* too.
Theſe *Attributes* in equal ballance lye,
And *neither* muſt the *others* Right deny.
No melting Paſſion can affect thy breaſt,
Nor ſoft intreaties charm thy hand to reſt:
Nor baffled *Eloquence* dares here engage,
But wants it ſelf ſome happier Patronage.
No *Fee*, no *Bribe*, no *Trick* in all the Laws,
Can e'er prevail to carry ſuch a Cauſe.

'Tis

'Tis vain with *Thee*, Lord, to commence a Suit,
Whose awful presence strikes all *Pleaders* mute.
No *other Judge* so terrible can be,
To make me fear *his strictest scrutinie*;
But *Thy Tribunal*, Lord, with dread I view,
Where thou art *Plaintiff*, *Judge*, and *Witness* too:
Where, when my *Sentence* from Thy mouth is come,
No *Plea* can urge Thee to *reverse* the Doom.
How this dread place augments the Guilty's fear,
Where so much *awe* and *gravity* appear!
E'n *He* whose Reas'ning did this *Truth* assert,
And shot a trembling into *Felix* Heart;
Who did not his *own Judgment Seat* decline,
Cou'd without trembling never think of *Thine*.
And *Wisdom's famous Oracle* denies
The purest Soul unblemish'd in Thy Eyes;
Whose pious Father (*after thine own heart*)
Declares *Thy Wrath* the best of Man's desert.
And *Job* assures us, that the *Stars*, whose Light
Bears with kind influence our admiring sight;
Tho' glorious all in our dim Eyes they shine,
Are only finall *Opacous Orbs* in thine.
How then can *weaker Beams* support that weight,
Which shook *these Pillars* with such strange affright?
Or how can humble *Hyssop* keep its Wall,
When *Libanus*'s stateliest *Cedars* fall?

When I behold my large unblotted ſcore,
And think what Plagues thy Vengeance has in ſtore
An icy horror chills my freezing blood,
And ſtops the active motion of its flood.

As ſome pale Captive, when condemn'd to death,
Loath to reſign, ev'n his laſt gaſp of breath,
Beholds, with an intent and ſteddy eye,
The dreadful Inſtrument of Fate rais'd high:
Yet ſtill unwilling from this World to go,
Shuns with a ſtart the diſappointed blow:
So, when I ſee thy Book, *in which are writ*
All the black Crimes I raſhly did commit,
Amaz'd, I fly thy Bar; ———
For how can *Sinners* that ſtrict place abide,
Where ev'n the *Righteous* ſcarce are juſtify'd?

Bernard

Bernard. Serm. 6. ſuper, *Beati qui*, &c.

What can be thought ſo fearful, what ſo full of trouble and anxiety, as to ſtand to be judged at ſuch a Tribunal, and to expect an uncertain Sentence from ſuch a Judge?

Let not the water-flood drown me neither let the deep swallow me up. Psal. 69. 16.

P. 52.

XI.

Let not the water-flood drown me: neither let the deep ſwallow me up, Pſal. lxix. 16.

UUconſtant motion of the reſtleſs *Sea*,
Whoſe *treach'rous Waves* the *Sailors hopes* betray!
So calm ſometimes, ſo ſhining they appear,
No poliſh'd Chryſtal is more ſmooth or clear.
Sometimes they ſeem ſtill as a ſtanding Lake,
Whoſe modeſt Pools no ſtir, or motion make.
Sometimes the Waves, rais'd by a gentle breeze,
Curl their green heads, the wand'ring ſight to pleaſe;
Then, in ſoft meaſures, round the Veſſels dance,
And to the Muſick of their Shrouds advance.
While thou, kind Sea, their burthen doſt ſuſtain,
Ev'n while their beaks plough furrows on the Main:
Safe on thy yielding back each Veſſel rides,
Tho' its rude Oars laſh to a foam thy ſides.
The groaning Earth ſcarce weightier burthens feels
From heavy loaden Carts with i'rn-bound wheels:
And that none may ſuſpect thou wilt betray,
Thy chryſtal Waves their rocky breaſts diſplay,

As if no *treach'ry* cou'd be harbour'd there,
Where ſuch fair *ſhows of honeſty* appear.

But when the *Anchor*'s weigh'd, the *Sail*'s atrip,
And a *kind gale* bears on the floating Ship,
Soon as the Land can be perceiv'd no more,
And all relief is diſtant as the ſhoar,
Then the *rough Winds* their boiſt'rous guſts diſcharge,
And all at once aſſault the helpleſs Barge.
Juſt as the furious *Lybian* Lions rave,
When eager to devour a Sentenc'd Slave;
Or as a crew of ſturdy Thieves prepare
To ſeize and plunder ſome lone Traveller;
Then the inſulting Billows proudly riſe,
And menace, with their lofty tops, the Skies:
Whilſt the diſcolour'd Waters hide their head,
So much th' approaching Tempeſt's rage they dread.
And when each jarring Wind inſults and raves,
And altogether hover o'er the Waves;
Short broken Seas ev'n from themſelves are torn,
And different ways each crowding Billow born.
[*All black below, above all foamy-white;*
A horrid darkneſs mixt with dreadful Light;
Here long, long Hills, roll far, and wide away;
There abrupt Vales fright back th' intruding Day.]

Here

Here a vaſt Gulph of Ruin opens wide,
And the Ship's ſwallowed in the rapid Tide:
Or if born on a *Tenth unlucky Wave*,
The breaking bubble proves its watry Grave.
Thus the falſe Ocean treach'rouſly beguiles,
And thus in *frowns* end its *deceitful ſmiles*.

But I ſuſpected not th' unfaithful Main,
Nor did of its inconſtancy complain;
I ne'er the fury of the *Winds* did blame,
Nor on the *Tempeſts* boiſterous rage exclaim;
(Which twiſts the ſurly Billows, till they riſe,
And foaming-mad, attack the lowring Skies;)
Nor curſt the hardy wretch that led the way,
And taught the World to periſh in the Sea.
My Veſſel ne'er lanch'd from my native ſhoar,
Nor did the Navigator's Art explore.
I ſtudy'd not the Chard, nor gave my mind
To learn to tack and catch the veering Wind.
Too ſoon theſe Artiſts of their Skill repent,
And *periſh* by the Arts they did invent.
My *Life*'s the *Sea*, whoſe treach'ry I declare,
My *ſelf* the *Veſſel* toſs'd and Shipwrack'd *there*:
All the loud *Storms* of the inſulting *Wind*,
Are reſtleſs *Paſſions* of my troubled *Mind*.

Thus harraſt in this fluctuating State,
I paſs thro' ſtrange *Viciſſitudes* of Fate.

Deceitful Life! whoſe falſe ſerenity
Chang'd in a moment, ends in miſery!
Thou want'ſt no *ſweet allurements* to betray;
Thy Beauty ever charming, ever gay;
While Love and Luſt wrack the diſtracted mind,
No dang'rous Sands, no Rocks, or Shores we find:
But when a *Tide of Crimes* breaks fiercely in,
And beats the Soul on fatal *Shelves of Sin*;
Then, ah too late! the diſmal Gulph it ſpies,
In which 'tis plung'd, and ſunk by treach'rous Vice.

Oh! that, at leaſt like wretched drowning Men,
Theſe *ſinking Souls* wou'd riſe and float agen!
That, while their groſſer parts do *downward* move,
Their *pure Devotion* wou'd remain *above*!
But, juſt as men to whom the Earths gaping Womb
Becomes at once their *Murth'rer* and their *Tomb*;
Or as the wretch beneath ſome falling Rock,
At once is kill'd *and* bury'd *with the ſtroke:*
Or thoſe to whom deceitful Ice gives way,
In vain wou'd riſe agen to diſtant day:
So fare the men by Sins *ſwift current* born,
Thoughtleſs of Heav'n, by Heav'n th' are left forlorn.

See,

See, Lord, how I with *Wind* and *Tide* engage,
While on each hand unequal War they wage!
See how my head is bow'd unto the Grave,
While I am forc'd to court the drowning Wave!
Seeſt thou my Soul loſt in a double Death,
And wilt thou not reprive my flitting breath?
Behold, O Lord! behold, and pity me,
And leave me not to periſh in the *Sea*:
O hold me up by thy Almighty hand,
And I ſhall quickly reach the wiſh'd-for Land.
Be thou my *Pylot*, and my Motion guide,
Then I ſhall *ſwim* in ſpight of *Wind* and *Tide*.

Ambroſ. Apolog. pro David. cap. 3.

The multitude of our Luſts raiſe a mighty Tempeſt, *which ſo* toſſes *them that* ſail *in the* Ocean *of the Body, that the Mind cannot be its own* Pylot.

XII. *Oh!*

Oh! that thou wouldst hide me in the Grave! that thou wouldst keep me Secret, until thy wrath be past! Iob. 14. 13.

P 38

XII.

Oh, that thou would'ſt hide me in the Grave! that thou would'ſt keep me ſecret, until thy wrath be paſt! Job xiv. 13.

WHO, who will grant me a ſecure retreat,
Where I may ſhun thy furies ſcorching heat?
Whoſe piercing flames whene'er I call to mind,
I fear I can no ſafe concealment find:
Then I deſire the covert of the *Wood*
And *Caves*, whence Beaſts are rang'd to ſeek their (Food:
Then in *Earth*'s Womb wou'd hide my fearful head,
Or in ſome Sea-worn Rock compoſe my Bed:
In hilly *Caverns* then my ſelf I'd ſave,
Or fly for refuge to the ſilent *Grave*:
Or far remote from the fair Orbs of Light,
Wou'd in thick *Darkneſs* dwell, and endleſs Night.

When the loud Thunder rouls along the Sky,
Men to the Lawrels ſhelter trembling fly:
In vain (alas!) they hope *Protection thence*,
The helpleſs Tree proves not *its own Defence*;

Much

Much leſs can that *a place of Refuge be*
From an all-ſeeing angry Deity.

Thy Eyes the cloſeſt *Solitudes* invade,
And pierce and pry into the darkeſt Shade.
The Wretch who took his Ruine from a *Tree*,
In vain with *Leaves* wou'd hide his ſhame from *Thee*:
For while to ſhun thy preſence he aſſay'd,
Ev'n his *abſconding* his *offence* betray'd.
In vain (alas!) to Caves and Dens we run,
We carry with us what we cannot ſhun.
The Den that did the *Hebrew* Captive ſave,
When *He* was freed, prov'd his *Accuſers* Grave:
Nor was *Lot*'s Inceſt hidden in his Cave.
As much in vain we court the Earths dark Womb,
And fly for ſhelter to the ſilent Tomb:
Vengeance, *ev'n thither*, *will our flight purſue*,
And riſe to puniſh thoſe black ills *we doe.*
Thus vainly *Cain* ſtopt righteous *Abel*'s Breath,
The mouth of blood was opened by his Death.
As vainly *Jonas* in the *Sea* conceal'd
His *faithleſs flight*, ev'n by the *Sea* reveal'd:
His *living Tomb* obey'd Heav'ns great command,
And caſt him back to the forſaken Land.
A *brittle Faith* is all the glaſſy Sea can boaſt
Tranſparent *Waves betray* what they ſhou'd *cover* (moſt.

Nor

Nor can we hope concealment in a Tomb,
That casts our bones from its o'er-burthen'd Womb.
In Rocks and Caves we must no trust repose,
For *their own sound* the secret will disclose.
And leaves, and Trees themselves, alike will fade,
And then *expose* what they were meant to *shade*.
Nor *Sea*, nor *Land*, not *Cave*, nor *Den*, nor *Wood*,
Nor *Stars*, nor *Heav'n it self* can do me good:
Thou, Lord, alone canst hide my fearful head,
Where I no *Veng'ance*, nor ev'n *Thine*, can dread.
Whilst Thy kind *Hand* aside thy Thunder lays,
Stretch'd out, disarm'd, *a suppliant Wretch to raise*.

Amb. in Jerem. cap. 9.

Whither, O Adam! *have thy Transgressions led thee, that thou shunn'st thy God, whom before thou sought'st? That* Fear *betrays thy* Crime, *that* Flight *thy* Prevarication.

XIII. *Are*

Are not my days few, cease then and let me alone that I may bewail my self a little. Iob. 10. 20.

P. 62.

XIII.

Are not my days few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little. Job. x. 20.

MUST a *few minutes* added to my days
Be thought a favour paſſing *thanks* or *praiſe?*
Ages, indeed, might well deſerve *that name*,
And render my *Ingratitude* to blame:
But, the increaſe of a *few days* to come,
How little *adds* it to the *ſlender ſum?*
As well the *Infant* that but treads the Stage,
Is ſaid to leave it *in a good old Age.*
As well poor *Inſects* may be ſaid to live,
To whom their *Birth-day* does their *Fun'ral* give.

So fading *Flow'rs* their haſty minutes count,
Whoſe *longeſt Life* ſcarce to *one day* amount.
Flow'rs, in the morning *Boys*, at noon-tide *Men*,
At night, with age, *feeble as Boys agen.*
Thus in one ſhort-liv'd day they *bloom* and *die*,
And all the diff'rence of *our Ages* try.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Time*'s o'er-hasty Wheels their Motion stay,
And the swift hours not post so swift away,
The *Insects* then might lengthen too their *Song*,
And the *Flow'rs* boast *their day had been so long*.
But Time is ever hastning to be gone,
And, like a *Stream*, the *Year* glides swiftly on.
Successive *Months* closely each other trace,
And meet the *Sun* along his *annual race*, (pace.
While short-liv'd Days, then either, march a swifter
The harnest *hours* are pressing forward still,
And, *once gone by*, are *irretrievable*.
" Thus envious Time loves on *it self* to prey,
" And still thro' its own Entrails eats its way.
Its self pursues, it self it ever flies,
And on it self it ever lives and dies.
So wasting Lamps by *their own flames* expire,
And kindle at *themselves* their *Fun'ral fire*.
Thus *its own course* the *circling Year* pursues,
Till like the *Wheels* on which 'tis mov'd it grows.

This Truth the *Ancients* weightily expresst,
Who made the *Father* on his Off-spring feast:
For *Time* on *Months* and *Years*, its Children, feeds,
And *kills* with *motion*, what its *motion breeds*.
Hours waste their *Days*, the *Days* their *Months* consume,
And the rapacious *Months* their *Years* entomb.

Thus

Thus *Years*, *Months*, *Days*, and *Hours*, ſtill keep their (round,
Till all in vaſt Eternity are drown'd.

Then, Lord, allow my *grief* ſome little ſpace,
To mourn the *ſhortneſs* of my haſty race:
I wiſh not time for *laughter*; if I did,
My *circumſtances* and the *place* forbid.
All I deſire, is time for *grief* and *tears*,
Let *that* be all th' addition to my years:
Which, tho' but ſhort, yet have been full of ſin,
More than my time was to repent it in.
Yet if thou grant'ſt me ſome *few minutes* more,
They'll make amends for my *ſhort days* before.
Come then, My cruel Hands, and without reſt
Or pity, beat my hard, my ſenceleſs Breaſt!
Drop then, my eyes, you cannot flow too faſt;
While you delay, what precious time is paſt!
Tis done! my tears have a prevailing force,
And Heav'n appeas'd, now ſtop their eager courſe.

Hieron. ad Paulam, Epiſt. 12.

When man firſt ſinn'd, he chang'd Eternity for Mortality, Nine hundred years, or thereabouts: But ſin increaſing by degrees, Mans life was contracted to a very ſhort ſpace.

Oh that they were wise, that they under-stood this, that they would consider their latter end. Deut. 32. 29.

P. 66.

XIV.

Oh! that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end, Deut. xxxij. 29.

SHame on besotted man, whose baffled mind
Is to all dangers, but the *present*, blind!
Whose thoughts are all imploy'd on *mischiefs near*,
But *ills remote*, never *fore-see*, or *fear*.
The *Soldier* is prepar'd before th' alarm,
The Signal giv'n 'twou'd be too late to arm.
The *Pylot*'s fore-sight waits each distant blast,
And loses no *advantage* in his haste.
Th' industrious *Hind* manures and sows the Field,
Which he expects a plenteous Crop should yield:
The lab'ring *Ant* in *Summer* stores at home
Provision e're old *Age* and *Winter* come.
But, oh! what means Man's stupid negligence,
That of the *future* has no care or sence?
Does he expect *Eternity* below,
A life that shall no *alteration* know?
He's much abus'd; inevitable *Death*,
Tho' it *delays*, will *one day* stop his breath:

Vain are the hopes the firmeſt Leagues produce,
That Tyrant keeps no *Faith*, regards no *Truce:*
He does not to the Peace he makes incline,
To *take advantage* in his whole deſign:
To him *Alliance* is an empty name,
He does all *int'reſts*, but *his own*, diſclaim.
Sooner the Ice or Snow ſhall mix with Flame;
Sooner the faithleſs Winds and Waves agree.
And night and Day, and Lambs for ſafety flee
To bloody wolves, then that make Peace with Thee:
Fiercely the greedy ſpoiler ſtrikes at *all*,
A prey for his inſatiate Jaws too ſmall:
He tears ev'n *tender Infants* from the breaſt,
And wraps them in a Shrowd, *ere for the* Cradle *dreſt.*
Nor *Sex* nor *Age* the grim Deſtroyer ſpares,
Unmov'd alike by *Innocence* and *Years.*
Here ſprightly Youth, there hoary bending Age
Sweet Boys, and blooming Virgins glutt his Rage.
Like *common Soldiers*, *chief Commanders* die,
And like *Commanders*, *common Soldiers* lie.
No ſhining Duſt appears in *Craſu's* Urn,
Tho' all he touch'd he ſeem'd to Gold to turn.
Nor boaſts fair *Rachel's face* that Beauty here,
For which the *Patriarch* ſerv'd his twice-ſev'n year,
And never thought the pleaſing Purchaſe dear.

Ev'n

Ev'n Dives *here from* Laz'rus *is not known,*
For now One's Purple, *th' Other's* Rags *are gone.*
Each has no Manſion but his *narrow Cell,*
Equal in *colour* and *alike* in *ſmell.*
Why then ſhou'd man of ſuch *vain Treaſure* boaſt,
So difficultly *gain'd* ſo quickly *loſt?*
For, *late* or *early*, all reſign their breath,
And bend, *pale Victims* to their *Conqu'ror Death:*
Each *Sex*, each *Age*, *Profeſſion*, and *Degree*,
Moves tow'rds *this Centre* of *Humanity.*

But did they not a farther Journey go,
And that *to die* were *all* they had to do;
Cou'd but their *Souls* diſſolve as faſt away,
As their corrupting *Carcaſſes* decay;
They'd *covet* Death to *end* their *preſent cares,*
And for *prevention* of their *future fears:*
They'd to the *Grave*, as an *Aſylum* run,
And *court* the ſtroke which now they wiſh to *ſhun*:
But *Death* (alas!) ends not their miſeries,
The *Soul's immortal*, tho' the *Body dies.*
Which, ſoon as from its Pris'n of Clay enlarg'd,
At Heav'ns Tribunal's *ſentenc'd* or *diſcharg'd.*
Before an awful Pow'r, *juſt* and *ſevere,*
Round whoſe bright head conſuming flames appear;

The ſhackled Captive, dazled at his ſight,
Dejected ſtands, and ſhakes with wild affright.
While, with ſtrict ſcrutiny, the Judge ſurveys
Its heart, and *cloſe impieties* diſplays.
The wretch *convicted*, does its guilt *confeſs*,
Nor hopes for *mercy*, for *concealment* leſs;
While *He*, th' *Accuſer*, *Judge*, and *Witneſs* too,
Damns it to an *Eternity of woe*;
Where, ſince no hope of an *Appeal* appears,
'Twou'd fain diſſolve and drown it ſelf in tears.

What terrors then ſeize the forſaken Soul,
That finds no *Patron* for a *Cauſe* ſo foul?
Then it implores ſome *Mountain* to prevent,
By a kind cruſh, its *ſhame* and *puniſhment*.

O wretched *Soul*, juſt *Judge*, hard *Sentence* too!
What harden'd wretch dares ſin, that thinks on *You?*
Yet here, (alas!) ends not the fatal grief,
There is another *Death*, another *Life*.
A Life as boundleſs as *Eternity*;
A *Death* whence ſhall no *Reſurrection* be.
What *Hell* of Torments ſhall in *This* be found?
With what a *Heav'n* of Joys ſhall *That* abound?
Here rich cæleſtial Nectar treats the Soul;
There Fire and Brimſtone crowns the flaming *Bowl*:

That,

That, fill'd with Musick of th' Angelick Quire,
Shall each blest Soul with Extasies inspire;
While *This* disturb'd, at ev'ry hideous yell,
Shall in the Damn'd raise a new dread of Hell:
That knows no sharp excess of *cold* or *heat*,
In *This* the wretches always *freeze* or *sweat*.
There reign *Eternal Rest*, and *soft Repose*;
Here, *painful toil* no *end* or *measure* knows.
That, void of grief, does nought afflictive see;
This, still disturb'd, from troubles never free.
O happy *Life!* O vast unequall'd *Bliss!*
O *Death* accurs'd! O endless *Miseries!*
For *that* or *this* must be the doubtfull *cast*,
Nor may we *throw* agen when once 'tis past.
Be wise then, Man, nor will thy care be vain,
To shun the *Mis'ry*, and the *Bliss* obtain; (gain.
Give Heav'n thy *Heart*, if thou its *Crown* wou'dst)

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 3

What more lamentable and more dreadful can be thought of, than that terrible Sentence, Go? *What more delightful, than that pleasing Invitation*, Come? *They are two words, of which nothing can be heard more* affrighting *than the* One, *nothing more* rejoycing *than the* Other.

My life is wraxen old with heavineſs, and my years with mourning. Pſal. 31 11

Pſ. 32.

XV.

My life is waxen old with heavineſs, and my years with mourning, Pſal. 31. 11.

WHat *lowring Star* rul'd my unhappy Birth,
And baniſh'd thence all days of *eaſe* & *mirth*?
While expectation ſtill deludes my mind,
Pleas'd with vain hope ſome *ſmiling hour* to find:
But ſtill that *ſmiling hour* forbears to come,
And ſends a row of Mourners in its room.
I hop'd alternate courſes in each day,
And that the *foul* to *fairer* wou'd give way:
And as the Sun diſpels the Clouds of Night,
When he to Heav'n reſtores his welcom Light;
Or as the Moons kind infl'ence brings again
The riſing motion of the low-ebb'd Main:
So I, with unſucceſful *Augury*,
Preſag'd things *ſo as I wou'd have them be*:
But, oh! my grief exceeds in *length* and *ſum*
The *Widow's Tribute* at her *Husband's Tomb*:
She, when the Author of her Joy is gone.
Is twice-ſix months confin'd to mourn alone;

Yet

Yet the laſt half ſhe does not, as before,
Hide her ſmooth Fore-head in a cloſe *Bendore.*
But *all my years* are in *deep mourning* ſpent,
There's not a *month*, not *one ſhort day* exempt.
No rules give *bounds* or *meaſure* to my woes,
But *their increaſe*, like the feign'd *Hydra*'s grows.
My life ſo much in ſighs and tears is ſpent,
It minds *that leaſt*, for which 'twas *chiefly meant.*

'Tis true, Storms often make the Ocean ſwell;
But the *moſt violent* are *ſhorteſt* ſtill;
For when with eager fury they engage,
They loſe themſelves in their exceſs of rage.
And when their *Winter-blaſts* diſrobe the Wood,
Their *Summer-airs* make all the treſpaſs good:
If the rough North doth his black wings diſplay
When once he's gone, far lovelier grows the Day.
But grief does all my hapleſs years imploy,
Nor grants me one *Parentheſis* of Joy.
My Muſick is in *ſighs* and *groans* expreſt,
With my own hands extorted from my breaſt:
This ſad diverſion is my ſole delight;
My Muſick this by Day, my Song by Night.
How oft' have ſighs, while I my words confin'd,
Broke Priſon, and betray'd my troubled mind?

Iow oft' have I in tears consum'd the day,
nd in complaints pass'd the long night away?
)ft' you, my Friends, did my wild Griefs condemn,
nd I as oft' assay'd to stiffle them:
et loose the reins to mirth, you always cry'd;
'o lose the reins, (alas!) in vain I try'd:
or when with laughter I a sigh suppress,
: rais'd a fatal conflict in my breast;
nd if I wish for sleep to close my eyes,
ill a fresh show'r that envy'd bliss denies;
'hen if I stop its course, impetuous grown,
'will force its way, and bear the Sluces down.
ach Brook, whose stream my tears have made to rise;
ach shady Grove, fill'd with my mournful cries;
ach lonely Vale, and ev'ry conscious Hill,
'he kind repeaters of my sorrows still;
'hese know the troubles which I wish'd conceal'd
Vere by loud throbbings of my heart reveal'd;
rom senceless Woods my Sorrows pitty found,
'he Ecchoes oft' repeat the mournfull sound.
ly secret moans they vented o're again;
y turns we wept, and did by turns complain.

So, mov'd by 'her Sister's lamentable Note,
d *Philomel* unlocks her mournful throat,

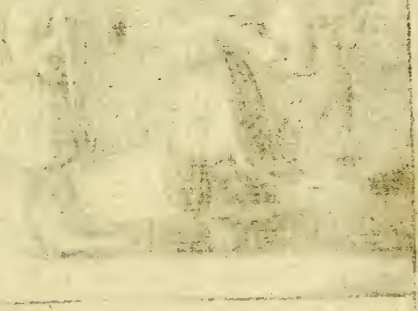
As if the *emi'ous Rivals* were at ſtrife
Whoſe tongue ſhou'd beſt expreſs the height of griefe
The *widow'd Turtle* ſo bewails her Mate,
With *grief unalterable*, as *his Fate.*
And ſo the Stars have my ſad life deſign'd,
That not one minute ſhou'd be *fair* or *kind.*

And that my ſorrows may not find relief,
By wanting *new occaſions* for my grief,
'Tis their decree, That, *as my Infant-breath*
Began with ſighs, ſo I ſhou'd ſigh to death.

Chryſoſt

Chryſoſt. in Pſal. 115.

Ought we not worthily to lament, who are in a ſtrange Country, and baniſh'd to a Climate remote from our Native Soil?



DESIRES

My soul breaketh out for the very fervent desire that it hath allways to thy Judgments. Psal: 119. 20.

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DESIRES
OF THE
RELIGIOUS SOUL.

BOOK *the Second.*

I.

My soul breaketh out for the very fervent desire that it hath always unto thy Judgments, Psal. cxix. 20.

WHile *Heav'n* and *Earth* solicite me to love,
My doubtful choice is puzzel'd wch t'approve:
Heav'n cries, *obey*, while Earth proclaims, *be free*:
Heav'n urges *duty*, Earth pleads *liberty*.
Call'd hence by *Heav'n*, by *Earth* I'm call'd again,
Tost, like a Vessel on the restless Main:
These diff'rent Loves a doubtful Combat wage,
And thus *obstruct* the choice they wou'd engage.
Oh! tis enough; let my long-harrast mind
In the *best choice* a quiet Haven find!
O my dear God! Let not my Soul incline
To any Love, or let that Love be thine!

'Tis

'Tis true, 'tis pleasant to be *free to chuse*,
And when we *will*, *accept*; when *not*, *refuse*.
Freedom of choice endures *restraint* but ill;
'Tis *usurpation* on th' unbounded will.
The neighing Steed Thus, loos'd from Bitt, and rein
To his lov'd, well-known pasture runs again.
Thus the glad Ox, from the ploughs burthen freed,
Runs lowing on to wanton in the Mead:
And when the Hind their freedom wou'd revoke,
This scorns his *Harness*, *That* defies the *Yoak*.
For *freedom in our choice* we count a bliss;
Eager to *chuse*, tho' oft we *chuse amiss*.
So the young Prodigal, impatient grown
To manage his entire Estate alone,
Takes from his prudent Father's frugal care
His Stock, by that *improv'd and thriving there:*
But his own Steward made, with eager haste
He does the slow-gain'd Patrimony waste,
Till starv'd by Riot, and with Want oppress't,
He feeds with Swine, *himself the greater* Beast.
Thus in *Destruction* often we rejoice,
Pleas'd with our *ruin*, since it was our *choice*.
How do we weary Heav'n with diff'rent Pray'rs!
The medly, sure, ridiculous appears.
This begs a *Wife*, nor thinks a greater bliss;
And *that*'s as earnest *to be rid of his:*

This prays for *Children*; *That* o'er-ſtock'd, repines
At the *too fruitful Iſſue* of his Loins.
This asks *his Father's days may be prolong'd*;
That, if his Father *lives*, complains *he's wrong'd*:
Youth prays for *good old Age*, and aged Men
Wou'd caſt their Skins, and fain grow young agen.
Scarce in Ten thouſand any *Two* agree;
Nay, ſome *diſlike* what they juſt *wiſh'd to be*.
None knows *this minute* what he ought require,
Since ev'n *the next* begets a *new deſire*.
So Women pine with various Longing-fits,
When breeding has deprav'd their Appetites;
The humorſom impertinent Diſeaſe
Makes that which *pleas'd* them moſt, as much *diſpleaſe*.
Oh! why, like them, grown reſtleſs with deſire,
Do my vain thoughts to boundleſs hopes aſpire?
Be gone falſe hopes, vain wiſhes, anxious fears!
Hence, you diſturbers of my peaceful years!
O my dear God! let not my Soul incline
To any Love, or let that Love be thine!

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 12.

Allure, O Lord, my deſires with that ſweetneſs which thou haſt laid up for them that fear thee, that I may deſire thee with eternal longings; leſt the inward reliſh, being deceived, may miſtake bitter for ſweet, and ſweet for bitter.

O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep thy Statutes Psal: 119. 5.

P. 82.

II.

O that my ways were made so direct, that I might keep thy Statutes! Psal. cxix. 5.

IN what a maze of Errour do I stray,
Where various paths confound my doubtful way!
This, to the *right*; *That* to the *left-hand* lies:
Here, *Vales* descend; *there* swelling *Mountains* rise:
This has an *easie*, *That* a *rugged way*;
The treach'ry *This conceals*, *That* does *betray*.
But *Whither* these so diff'rent courses go,
Their wandring paths forbid, till try'd, to know.
Mæander's stream a streighter motion steers,
Tho' with himself the wand'rer interferes.
Not the fictitious *Labyrinth* of old
Did in more dubious paths its guests infold;
Here greater difficulties stay my feet,
And on each road I thwarting dangers meet.
Nor I the diff'rent windings only fear,
(In which the Artist's skill did most appear:)
But, more to heighten and increase my dread,
Darkness involves each doubtful step I tread.

No friendly tracks my wandring foot-steps guide,
Nor other feet th'untrodden ground have try'd.
And, tho', left on some fatal Rock I run,
With out-stretcht Arms I grope my passage on;
Yet dare I not through Night and danger stray,
They' arrest my cautious steps, and stop my way.
Like a strange Trav'ller by the Sun forsook,
And in a road unknown by Night o'er-took,
In whose lone paths no neighb'ring Swains reside,
No friendly Star appears to be his guide,
No sign or track by humane foot-steps worn,
But solitary all, and all forlorn.
He knows not but each blind-fold step he treads
To some wild Desart or fierce River leads:
Then calls aloud, and his hoarse voice does strain,
In hope of answer from some neighb'ring Swain;
While nought but cheating Eccho calls again.

Oh! who will help a wretch thus gone astray!
What friendly Star direct my dubious way?
A glorious Cloud conducted *Israel's* flight,
By day their *cov'ring*, as their *guide* by night.
The *Eastern-Kings* found *Bethlem* too from far,
Led by the shining conduct of a Star;
Nor cou'd they in their tedious journey err,
Who had so bright a fellow-traveller.

Be thou no leſs propitious, Lord, to me,
Since all my buſ'neſs is to worſhip Thee.
See how the wandring Croud miſtake their way,
And, toſt about by their own error, ſtray!
This tumbles head-long from an unſeen Hill;
That lights on a blind path, and wanders ſtill.
With *Haſt*, but not *Good ſpeed*, *this* hurries on;
That moves no faſter than a Snail might run.
While to and fro *another* haſts in vain,
No ſooner in the right, than out again.
Here *one* walks on alone, whoſe boaſted skill,
Invites *another* to attend him ſtill;
Till among Thorns or miry Pools they tread;
This by his *guide*, *That* by *himſelf* miſled.
Here *one* in a perpetual Circle moves,
Another, there, in endleſs mazes roves;
And when he thinks his weary ramble *done*,
He finds (alas!) he has but *juſt begun*.
Thus ſtill, in Droves, the blinded Rabble ſtray,
Scarce one of thouſands *keeps* or *finds* the way.

O that my ways directed were by Thee,
From the deceits of baneful Error free!
Till all my motion, like a *Dart*'s, became
Swift as its *flight*, *unerring* as its *aim*,

That where thy Laws require me to obey,
I may not *loiter*, nor *miſtake* the way.
Then be *Thou*, Lord, the *Bow*, thy *Law* the *White*,
And *I* the *Arrow* deſtin'd for the flight:
And when thou'rt pleas'd to ſhew thy greateſt skill,
Make me the *poliſh'd Shaft* t'obey thy Will.

Aug.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, and the Life; in whom there is no Darkneſs, Error, Vanity, or Death. Say the word, O Lord, let there be Light, that I may ſee the Light, and ſhun the Darkneſs; that I may find the right way, and avoid the wrong; that I may follow Truth, and flie from Vanity; that I may obtain Life, and eſcape Death.

O. hold thou up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slipp not. Psal. 17.5.

P. 88.

III.

O hold thou up my going in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not, Psal. xvij. 5.

SO oft will me my faithless Feet betray,
So often stumble in so plain a way?
O thou, who all our steps from Heav'n dost see,
O hold me up, dear Lord, who lean on *Thee*!

The Stork instructs her timorous young to stray,
In hidden tracks through Heav'ns wide pathless way:
Till the apt Brood, by bold Example led,
Perform the daring Flight they us'd to dread.

The Eagles teach their unfledg'd young to fly,
Around th' untroden Regions of the Sky.
Till for their Aid they now no longer care;
But fearless row, with feather'd Fins, thro' Seas of Air.
Thus Boys, when first they venture Streams unknown,
On spungy Cork's light weight, support their own:
Till more improv'd, they their *first help* throw by,
Ambitious now *alone* the Floods to try.

And

And tho' awhile, e'er they have practis'd been,
Too often they'll unwelcome draughts ſuck in;
Yet they, at length by uſe, perfection gain,
And ſport and play, wide-wandring in the *Main*.

Thou, who from *Heav'n* obſerv'ſt our ſteps *below*
See by what arts thy Servant learns to go!
While all my weight on this *ſlight Engine*'s laid,
I move the *Wheels* that do my motion aid.
Thus feeble age, ſupported by a *Cane*,
Is *tir'd* with *that* on which 'tis forc'd to *lean*.
But tho', *dear Lord!* ambiguous terms I uſe,
I of no failure can my *feet* accuſe:
I can perceive no imperfection *there*,
No rocky ways, or thorny roads *they* fear:
The weakneſs of my *mind* diſturbs me moſt,
Whoſe *languid feet* have all their motion loſt:
All its affections *lame* and *bed-rid* are,
(Thoſe feet, alas! which ſhou'd its motion ſteer;
When it ſhou'd move in Virtues eaſie road,
Alas! 'tis tir'd as ſoon as got abroad.
My frail, my bending Knees aſſiſtance need,
Weaker than Ruſhes, or the bruiſed Reed.
Sometimes, but *rarely*, it renews the race,
And eagerly moves on, a Jehu's *pace*:

But, weary of its journey, scarce begun,
Its boasted flame is all extinct, as soon
As smoaking Flax by rugged Whirlwinds blown.
Yet, lest I shou'd too much my sloth betray,
I force my steps and make some little way;
But then am cautious how my Feet I guide
Least they should chance to trip, or rove aside:
And the uncharitable world incline
To place it not on Weakness, but on Wine.
My reeling steps move an indented pace,
As 'twere a Cripple halting o'er a Race.
I will, *I won't*; *I burn*, all in a breath;
And *that*'s scarce out, e'er *I'm as cold as death*:
And then, impatient at my fruitless pain,
Tir'd in the *mid-way*, I return again:
Yet cannot then recover my first place,
The pleasant seat whence I began my race.
Tost, like a Ship on the tempestuous wave,
Which neither help of *Sails* nor *Oars* can save.
While with new vain attempts I try again,
And would repair the loss I did sustain,
The small success too manifestly proves
My fruitless labor in a circle moves.
Thus Slaves, condemn'd to ply a toilsom Mill,
Repeat the same returning motion still:

Tho' ſtill the *reſtleſs Engine's* hurry'd round,
They by its haſte gain not one foot of ground.

What ſhall I do, a ſtranger to the race,
Whoſe lazy feet ſcarce move a Snails ſlow pace?
Heav'n lies remote from this *mean Globe below*,
None but the *ſwift* and *ſtrong* can thither go;
What then ſhall this my *heavy Chariot* do?

Thy footſteps, Lord, o'ercome the rougheſt way;
A Gyant's Feet move not ſo ſwift as they.
Thou with a ſtep doſt *Eaſt* and *Weſt* divide,
And o'er the world, like a *Coloſſus*, ſtride.

But like the *Tortoiſe*, my dull Foot's delay'd,
Or rather, like the *Crab*, moves *retrogade*.
How can I then hope to that *Goal* to run,
I make the buſineſs of my life to ſhun?
But do thou, *Lord*, my trembling feet ſuſtain,
Then I the *Race* and the *Reward* ſhall gain.

Amb. de fuga ſæculi, cap. 1.

Who among ſo many troubles of the body, among ſo many allurements of the World, can keep a ſafe and unerring courſe?

IV. *My*

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy Iudgments. Psal. 119. 120.

P. 194.

IV.

ly fleſh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy Judgments, Pſal. cxix. 120.

A Dread of Heav'n was by the Ancients taught,
As the firſt impreſs on Man's infant thought.
nd he who underſtood it beſt, has ſaid,
'is the prime ſtep that does to Wiſdom lead.
nform'd by this my early childhood grew,
nd *to fear Heav'n* was the firſt thing I knew:
ut ſtill ſuch dark *Oblivion* dull'd my mind,
could not the repeated *Alpha* find.
lo ſtripes can puniſh my neglectful crime,
'hus unimprov'd t'have triffled out my time.
)ull Boys by ſtripes with Learning are inſpir'd,
y *little pains*, with *induſtry* acquir'd:
Vhen twice or thrice they read their Letters o'er,
'hey're as familiar as if known before:
nd tho' in *colour* all alike appear,
ach is diſtinguiſh'd by its *Character*.
lay I not hope *Age* will compleat in me
'he eaſie task of tender *Infancy?*

In

In many things I no *Inſtructer* ſought,
Too apt, (alas!) to practiſe them *untaught.*
What is not *Fear* as ſoon imbib'd, a *Rule*
So oft explain'd in *Arts Improving School?*
Why I ſhou'd *ſlight*, ſtill (to my ſhame) I *fear*,
And *ſlight that moſt*, which I ſhou'd *moſt revere.*
I *fear Mans Eye* when I wou'd act a Sin,
But *dread not Heav'n*, nor the *great Judge within:*
For my *groſs Body* I am ſtill in fear,
But my *pure Soul* partakes not of my care.
Thus ſilly Birds a harmleſs *Scare-crow* ſhun;
Yet boldly to the fatal *Lime-twigs* run.
The Royal Stag thus Feathers frighten more,
Than the full cry of Hounds, that's juſt before.
Thus the fierce Lion, of *falſe fires* afraid,
Flies to the *Toils*, in which he is betray'd.
Such vanity has mens dark minds o'erſpread,
That leſs the *Thunder* than the *Clap* they dread;
Think Hell a Fable, an invented name,
And count its Fire *a harmleſs lambent flame.*
With brutiſh rage to blackeſt ills they run,
And never *fear* the wickedneſs, *till done:*
But tho' this fear did not their Crimes *prevent*,
Twill come, too ſure, to be their *puniſhment.*
Then with ſtrange frights, from their *loſt ſenſes* driv'n,
Their reſtleſs thoughts run on offended Heav'n:

Then

Then sudden fears their watchful Thoughts allarm,
And call them from their lonely beds to arm,
While their own shadows only do them harm.
Each little thing's so magnify'd by fear,
They dread a *Lion*, when a *Mouse* they hear.
If in the night they hear a gentle breeze
Begin to whisper in the murmuring Trees,
With hair erect, and cold unnatural sweat,
They shrink beneath the conscious Coverlet.
What do they then, when glaring *Lightnings* fly,
And bellowing *Thunders* roll along the Sky?
They think each flash a Messenger of death,
And at each *crack* despair of longer breath;
At every noise they in new fears engage,
And ruine from each accident presage.
Nay, e'en of Silence, and its self afraid.
The troubled mind's eternally dismay'd;
Such punishments attend afflicting guilt,
Which never pain like *its own torments* felt.
Thus trembling Cain *dreads from each hand he sees*
The fate his injur'd Brother had from his.
His crimson Soul, with Abel's *Murther stain'd,*
Still with the bloody Scene is entertain'd.
No more severe correction waits on sin,
Than its unbrib'd upbraider still within.

Then with thy Darts, *Lord*, frighten me from ill,
My Fury wants this kind restriction still.
Fear timely comes *before a fault's begun*,
He fears too late, that *fears not till 'tis done.*

Bernard.

Bernard. Serm. 26.

The holy Pſalmiſt *deſires wiſely to be ſmitten, and healthfully to be wounded, when he prays to be transfix'd with the fear of God; for that fear is an excellent Dart, that wounds and deſtroys the luſts of the Fleſh, that the Spirit may be ſafe.*

O turn away mine eyes least they behold vanity. Psal: 119. 37.

P. 100

V.

O turn away mine eyes, leſt they behold vanity, Pſal. cxix. 37.

IN my high *Capitol* two *Centries* ſtill
Keep conſtant watch, to guard the *Citadel*:
If *fix'd* or *wandring Stars*, I do not know,
Tho' *either epithet* becomes them too;
Each from its Duty is in *ſtraggling* loſt,
Yet each maintains *immovably* its Poſt;
Both *ſwift of motion*, yet both *fix'd* remain:
What *Sampſon* this dark Riddle can explain?

Ev'n *You*, my *Eyes*, are theſe *myſterious Stars*,
Fix'd in my head, yet *daily wanderers*:
Who plac'd in that *exalted Tow'r* of mine,
Like Torches in ſome lofty *Pharos* ſhine;
Or like two Watch-men on ſome riſing place,
View every near, and every diſtant paſs.
Yet you to me leſs conſtant prove by far,
Than thoſe kind Guides to their Obſervers are;

Their favours only with themſelves expire,
Unleſs the hand that gave, recalls their fire.
You, like mad Steeds, too headſtrong for the Rein,
Will let no pow'r your wandring courſe reſtrain:
You, by whoſe guidance we ſhou'd danger ſhun,
Betray us to the Rocks on which we run.
Thus wandring *Dina*, led by *your falſe light*,
Expos'd her Honour, to *oblige her Sight*.
Thus, while *Jeſſides* view'd the bathing Dame,
What *cool'd her heat*, *kindled in him a flame*.
Thus gazing on the *Hebrew* Matrons eyes,
Made the *Aſſyrian*'s head her eaſie prize.
Thus the fond Elders, by their *ſight* miſled,
Purſu'd the joys of a forbidden Bed;
Nor cou'd their luſtful flame be diſpoſſeſt,
Till with a ſhow'r of weighty ſtones ſuppreſt.

More ruin'd Souls by theſe *falſe guides* are loſt,
Then ſhipwreck'd Veſſels on the rockieſt Coaſt.

Then happy he, happy alike and wiſe,
Who made a timely *cov'nant* with his eyes!
And happier he who did his guards *disband*,
Torn from their Poſts by his wiſe fearleſs hand!

So ill, *false Centries*, you your charge perform,
You *favour the surprize*, that shou'd the *Camp allarm*.
Did you for *this* the *Capitol* obtain?
For *this* the charge of the *chief Castle* gain?
That you have thus t'*inferior Earth* betray'd,
Man's lofty Soul, for nobler Objects made?
And do not rather *raise his thoughts on high*,
Above the starry Arches of the Sky?
That Theatre will entertain his sight
With various Scenes of suitable delight:
But you are more on *Earth* than *Heav'n* intent,
And your industrious search is downward bent.

What shall I doe, since *you* unruly grow,
And will no limits, no confinement know?
Oh! shut the wandrer's up in endless night,
Or with thy hand, *dear God*, contract their sight.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 4.

Woe to the blind eyes that see not Thee, *the* Sun *that enlightens both Heaven and Earth! woe to the dim eyes that cannot see* Thee! *woe to them that turn away their eyes from beholding* Truth! *woe to them that turn not away their eyes from beholding* Vanity!

O let my heart be Sound in thy Statutes, that I be not ashamed. Psal. 119. 80. P. 104

VI.

O let my heart be ſound in thy Statutes, that I be not aſhamed, Pſal. cxix. 89.

COu'd I but hope my *Face* wou'd pleaſe my *Dear*,
That ſhou'd be all my *buſ'neſs*, all my *care*:
My *firſt concern* ſhou'd for *Complexion* be,
The *next*, to keep my Skin from *freckles* free:
No help of *Art*, or *Induſtry* I'd want,
No *Beauty-water*, or improving *Paint*.
My *Dreſſing-boxes* ſhou'd with *Charms* abound,
To make *decay'd old fleſh* ſeem *young and ſound*:
With *Spaniſh-wool*, red as the blooming *Roſe*,
And *Ceruſſe*, whiter than the Mountain *Snows*:
With all the Arts that *ſtudious Virgins* know,
Who on their Beauty too much pains beſtow.
Then I'd correct each error by my Glaſs,
Till not one fault were found in all my face.
If on my brow one hair amiſs I ſpy'd,
That very *Hair* ſhou'd ſoon be rectify'd.
If *dull* my *Eyes*, how loudly I'd complain
Till they their wonted *Luſtre* wore again

Shou'd

Shou'd but one *wrinkle* in my Face appear,
I'd cry, What means this sawcy *wrinkle* here?
Ev'n with each Mole t'offend thee I shou'd fear,
Cou'd I but think this Face to thee were dear.
For if the smallest *Wart* thereon shou'd rise,
I doubt 'twou'd seem a *Mountain* in your eyes.
Nay, the least Fault my self wou'd censure too,
For fear that Fault shou'd be dislik'd by you.
Thus every Grace which *Nature* has deny'd,
By *Art*'s kind help shou'd amply be supply'd:
With *Curls* and *Locks* I wou'd adorn my head,
And thick with *Jewels* my gay Tresses spread:
With *double Pearls* I'd hang my loaded ears,
Whilst my white neck vast *Chains of Rubies* wears.
Thus I among the *fairest* wou'd be seen,
And dare vie *Beauty*, ev'n with *Sheba's Queen.*

But oh! no such *vain toys* affect *your mind*,
These meet with *no admirers*, but the *blind*,
Who in a *Dress* seek Objects of their love,
Which once *put off*, the *Beauties too remove.*
Thus the fond Crowd's caught by a *gay attire*,
The *only thing* indeed *they* find t'admire.

But *You*, my Love, no *borrow'd Beauties* prize,
No *artificial Charms* attract *your eyes.*

Dear

Dear as *your own*, you rate a *ſpotleſs heart*,
And for *its ſake* accept *each other part*.

Oh that my heart unſpotted were, and free
From every tincture of impurity!
Then in your favour I ſhou'd make my boaſt,
And hate each ſtain by which it might be loſt.

Hugo de S. Vict. in Arrha animæ.

O baſe and filthy ſpots, why doe you ſtick ſo long? Begone, depart, and preſume no more to offend my Beloved's ſight.

O baſe and filthy ſpots why
doe you ſtick ſo long. Begon
depart and preſume no more
to offend my Beloved's ſight

Chryſoſt.

Come my Beloved, let us go forth into the Fields, let us lodge in the Villages. Cant. 7. 11. P. 118.

XV.

Come my Beloved, let us go forth into the Fields, let us lodge in the Villages, Cant. vij. 11.

COme, come, *my Love*, let's leave the buſie throng,
We trifle *here* our precious time too long.
Come, let us haſten to ſome *Field* or *Grove*,
The *fitteſt Theatres* for *Scenes of Love.*
Strong Walls and Gates the City guard, 'tis true,
But what ſecures *it thus*, confines *it too.*
We'll reap the pleaſures of the *open Field*,
Which does *ſecurity* with *freedom* yield.
For there's *I know not what*, ſo ſafe, ſo dear
'th' Country, as we ne'er ſhou'd light on here.
What tho' the *City-Tow'rs* the Clouds invade,
And o'er the *Fields* project their lofty ſhade?
Yet *thence* Content has made a far retreat.
And choſe the *humble Cottages* its ſeat;
Where ſomething more divinely ſweet they breath,
Altho' all Thatch above, all Earth beneath.)

There

There the remoteſt *Solitude* enjoys
The bleſſing of *more quiet*, and *leſs noiſe*.
Come then, *my Love*, and let's retire from *hence*;
And leave this *buſie fond impertinence*.
See! ev'n the Cities eldeſt Son and Heir,
Who gets his *Gold*, his dear-lov'd Idol, *there*;
Yet in the *Country* ſpends his *City-gains*,
And makes *its pleaſure* recompence *his pains*:
And tho' the *City* has his *publick voice*,
The *Country* ever is his *private choice*.
Here ſtill the *Rich*, the *Noble*, and the *Great*,
Unbend their minds in a ſecure retreat;
And *Heaven's free Canopy* yields more delight
Than *guilded Roofs* and *Fret-work* to the ſight.
Nor can *fenc'd Cities* keep the mind in peace,
So well as *open guardleſs Villages*.
Come then, *my Love*, let's from the *City* haſt,
Each minute we ſpend *there*, is ſo much waſte.

I have a *Country-Farm*, whoſe fertile ground
Soft murmuring Brooks and chryſtal Streams ſurround
A better *Air* or *Soil* were never known,
Nor more convenient diſtance from the Town:
Hither, *my Love*, if thou wilt take thy flight,
The *City* will no more thy ſenſe delight,
Driv'n from thy thoughts *as quickly as thy* ſight.

Here

Here in the ſhades I will *my Dear* careſs,
At leiſure to receive my kind Addreſs.
Here, from the *City* and its *Tumults* free,
I ſhall enjoy more than my ſelf, in *Thee*.
As o'er our Heads, dreſs'd in their leavy State,
The amorous *Turtle* wooes his faithful Mate.
No bus'neſs ſhall invade our pleaſure here,
No rude diſturber of our Joys appear.
Here thou *thy ſecret paſſions* ſhalt reveal,
And whiſper in my ear the pleaſing tale;
While in requital I diſcloſe *my flame*,
And in the fav'ring Shades conceal my ſhame.
Oh! cou'd I ſee that happy happy day!
I know no bliſs beyond, for which to pray.
Then to the *Country* let us, *Dear*, repair,
For love thrives beſt in the clear open air.

Hieron. Ep. ad Heſiod. 1.

What doſt thou? how long doe the ſhadows of the houſes confine thee? how long does the Priſon of the ſmoaky City ſhut thee up? Believe me, I ſee ſome greater Light, and am reſolv'd to throw off the burthen of the Fleſh, and fly to the ſplendor of the purer air.

Draw me, wee will run after thee (in the Savour of thy Ointments.)
Cant. 1. 3. P. 110.

VIII.

Draw me, we will run after thee, (in the savour of thy Oyntments,) Cant. i. 3.

SEE how my feeble Limbs, now giv'n in vain,
Increase the burthen which they shou'd *sustain*!
While, weary of my hated life, I lie,
A faint resemblance of what once was I.
My head, depress't with its own weight, hangs low,
And to *themselves* my Limbs a burthen grow.
In *various postures* still I seek for ease,
But find at last not *any one* to please.
Now I wou'd *rise*, now wish my self *in bed*,
Now with my *hands* support my *drooping head*:
Now on my *back*, now on my *face* I lie,
And now for rest on *either side* I try:
And when my bed I've tumbled restless o'er,
I'm still th' *uneasie wretch I was before.*
Thus hinder'd by my *own Infirmity*,
Tho' fain I *would*, I *cannot follow thee.*
Then wilt thou go, and leave me dying here?
Is this thy kindness, this thy love, my Dear?
And do I then so great a burthen grow,
Thou wilt not stay till I can with thee go?

Thus *Soldiers* from their *wounded Comrades* fly
At an allarm of any danger nigh.
Unnat'ral Mothers thus their *Babes* disclaim,
Urg'd to the sin by *Poverty* or *Shame*.
Stretch, *Lord*, thy hand, and thy *weak follower* meet,
Or if not *reach thy hand*, yet *stay thy feet*.

The grateful *Stork* bears o'er the spacious Flood
Its *aged Dam*, and triumphs in the load:
The *Doe* supports her *tender swimmers* weight,
And minds *her self* less than her *dearer fraight*.

But you, unkind! forsake your Love, alone,
In desert Fields forgotten, and unknown,
So burthensom her Company is grown:
Yet I'd not *hinder* or *retard* your haste,
But gently draw, and I shall follow fast:
Tho' fall'n and fainting now, a little space
Shall make me out-strip the Winds impetuous race.
Nor shall you *Violence* need to force me on,
Free and *unurg'd*, I'll close behind you run.
As, when at your command the Net was cast,
The willing *Fish leapt in with eager haste*;
And, unconcern'd, their own destruction sought,
So much 'twas their ambition to be caught.

Pleasure and *Sense* do all Mankind misguide,
Some by their *Eyes*, some by their *Ears* are ty'd.

I feel

I seek not, *Lord*, my Eyes or Ears to please,
Th' *Arabian* Sweets suite best with *my Disease*.
Thy *Tresses* of the balmy *Spiknard* smell,
And from thy *Head* the richest *Oyls* distill.
Choice *fragrant Scents* from thy lov'd *Temples* flow,
And on thy *Lips* eternal *Roses* grow.
Thou *breath'st* the *Odors of the spicy East*,
In *Myrrhy Dew* thy fragrant *Words* are drest.
Thy Ivry *Neck* sweats richest *Frankincense*,
And *ev'ry part* does some *rare Scent* dispence.
Whate'er *Perfumes* in the vast *World* are found,
In a rich *Compound* mix'd, in *Thee* abound.
Just such a noble smell, and rich Perfume
Was that of old fill'd the *blest Virgins Room*,
When Thou, *the Flow'r of* Jesse, began'st to bloom.
Oh! might this *Odor* bless my *longing Sense*,
How wou'd it cure my *feeble Impotence!*
I soon shou'd conquer all my languishment,
And swiftly follow the *attractive scent*,
And my *Companions* the same course wou'd move,
As the *whole flock waits* on th' *anointed Dove*.

Gilbert. in Cant. Hom. 18.

Love *is a Cord that holds fast, and draws affectionately, whose words are so many allurements. Nothing holds faster than the band of* Love, *nothing attracts more powerfully.*

O that thou wert as my brother, that Sucked the breasts of my mother, when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee, yet I should not be despised. Cant. 8. 1.

P. 116.

IX.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my Mother; when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee, yet I ſhould not be deſpiſed, Cant. viij. 1.

WHO will enoble my unworthy Race,
And *Thy great name* among their numbers place?
Nor wiſh I this *to raiſe my Pedigree,*
Contented with my *mean Obſcurity.*
Yet, tho' *my Blood* wou'd be a ſtain to *Thine,*
Still I muſt wiſh we had one *Parent-line.*
Nor wou'd I have thee grown to thoſe briſk years
When firſt the gentle budding Down appears.
But ſtill an *Infant,* hanging on the Breaſt,
The ſame which I before have often preſt:
A *Brother ſuch* wou'd my Ambition chuſe,
If *Elder,* I thy converſe muſt refuſe.
My Life! be born again, and let me ſee,
Dear Child, thoſe happy Cradles, bleſt by Thee.
Children have pretty, pleaſant, charming Arts,
Above the *elder ſort,* to win our Hearts;

And tho' each Age wou'd its own merit prove,
Childhood is ſtill moſt prevalent in *Love:*
Ev'n he who *tames* the world, tho' calm and mild
His Face appear---ev'n *Love* himſelf's a *Child.*
Wer't thou a Boy, dreſt in thy infant charms
Unblam'd, I'd claſp thee cloſely in my Arms.
My Life! be born again, and let me ſee,
Dear Child, Thoſe happy Cradles, bleſt by Thee:
Then I ſhou'd have Thee to my ſelf alone,
Nor blam'd, nor cenſur'd if my Love were known.
My Arms all day ſhou'd bear thy grateful weight,
And be thy ſafe encloſure all the night.
When thy ſoft Cheeks or ruddy Lips I'd kiſs,
No *fear* or *ſhame* ſhou'd interrupt the bliſs;
For none a *Siſter's kindneſs* can upbraid,
At leaſt when to an *Infant-Brother* paid:
And tho' on thy ſoft Lips long time I'd dwell,
Sure a *chaſte kiſs* can never be but *well.*
O that you'd hear, ye gentle Pow'rs above,
And to my *Brother* thus transform my Love!
That thou, my Dear, my *Brother* woud'ſt become,
Dear as the Off-ſpring of my *Parents Womb.*
Then all my Vows, then all my Thanks I'd pay,
Bleſs the glad change, and hail the welcom Day.
What wou'd I do to make my tranſport known?
What wou'd I *do?* what wou'd I *leave undone?*

How

How oft wou'd I, by ſtealth, ev'n *when forbid*,
Stand all night Centry by the *Cradle-ſide*?
How num'rous ſhou'd my ſervices become?
Ev'n till, perhaps you thought 'em troubleſom:
For when my Mother took thee from the breaſt,
My arms ſhou'd with the *next remove* be bleſt:
Or if ſhee'd have thee born to take the Air,
I'd ſtill my ſelf the grateful burthen bear.
Or wou'd ſhe have thee in the *Cradle* lie,
Sing thee to ſleep, and then ſit watching by:
If ſhe to take the *lov'd employment* went
My *eager haſte* ſhou'd *her deſign* prevent:
But when ſhe ſhou'd intruſt thee to my care,
And going forth, leave me to tend *my Dear*;
How great wou'd be the pleaſure of my charge?
How wou'd I then indulge my ſelf at large?
Thy *Mantle* ſoon I ſoftly wou'd remove,
Eager t'enjoy the object of my Love;
And, favour'd by the moſt commodious light,
Feaſt on thy *lovely face* my longing ſight.
Thy head ſhou'd on my *left-hand* gently reſt,
While with my *right* I claſpt thee to my breaſt;
And then ſo lightly I wou'd ſteal a *kiſs*,
It ſhou'd not interrupt thy *ſleeping bliſs*.
Then, *Dear*, be pleas'd a *ſecond Birth* t'allow,
That on thy *Cheeks* my lips may pay their vow.

And as thy growth renders thy Organs ſtrong,
And thou beginn'ſt to uſe thy looſned tongue;
Then thou, *my Love*, ſhalt my ſmall Pupil be,
And as I *ſpeak*, ſhalt *ſtammer* after me:
And when thou doſt the help of Arms refuſe,
And dar'ſt attempt the *Hobby-horſe* to uſe,
I'll teach thee ſafely how to praunce along,
And keep thy nimble Footſteps firm and ſtrong:
And if ſome naughty Stone offend thy Feet,
My ready Arms their ſtumbling Charge ſhall meet;
Pleas'd with a *frequent Opportunity*
Of thus *receiving* and *embracing Thee*:
Nor ſhall I any *Recompence* regard,
The pleaſing *Service* is its own *Reward*.

Bonavent. Soliloq. cap. 1.

I was ignorant, O ſweet Jeſu, that thy Embraces were ſo pleaſant, thy Touch ſo delightful, thy Converſation ſo diverting; for when I touch Thee, *I am* clean; *when I* receive Thee, *I am a* Virgin.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth, I sought him, but I found him not. Cant. 3. 1.

P. 122.

X.

By night on my Bed, I sought him whom my Soul loveth, I sought him, but I found him not, Cant. iij. 1.

I Treat not of inferior *mortal fires*,
But *chasteſt sighs*, and *more sublime desires*;
As *Bodies*, so the *Minds* their flames receive,
But still the *grosser* for the *Bodies* leave.
The generous Fire that warms the Soul, does prove
And that alone, the pleasing Charms of Love.
What nobler flames the lofty Minds inspire!
How are they rais'd to more refin'd desire!
In what Divine Embraces do they join!
What holy Hands their mutual Contracts sign!
How dear the Joys of that chast Genial Bed!
With what unspeakable Delights 'tis spread!
Where the pleas'd *Soul* in her *Beloved*'s Arms,
And he in hers, gaze on each others Charms.
The Bed on which such happy lovers rest,
Is *downy peace in its own quiet blest.*

Here

Here I was wont, when care drove ſleep away,
Pregnant with thought, to watch the dawning day;
Here the dear *He* that ſtole my *Virgin-heart*
Did oft to me his *Boſom-cares* impart.
Then, then a Sacred flame my Soul poſſeſt,
And no leſs heat reign'd in his amorous breaſt:
Then ſilent Love did all our Thoughts imploy
Tho' dumb, our Eyes diſcours'd in Tears of Joy.
But *now*, nor know I why, my Love's eſtrang'd,
I fear ſome fault of mine his Mind has chang'd:
For, a whole day he has not bleſt my ſight,
Nor (*which he never us'd*) return'd at night.
Or has the faithleſs fickle Charmer fled,
Or for another left my Widow'd Bed?
How ſadly I in Tears and Diſcontent
The tedious Night of his griev'd abſence ſpent!
'Twas now the dead low ebb of deepeſt Night,
And gentle ſleep had lock'd my drowſy Sight.
When a loud voice ſurpriz'd my trembling Ear,
And call'd, *Riſe, ſluggard, ſee your Love's not here.*
Straight I awake, and rub my ſleepy eyes,
Then the forſaken Houſe I fill with cries:
Sleep'ſt thou, *my Love?* but anſwer I had known,
For *He*, (alas!) to whom I ſpoke, was *gone*.
Soon with a lighted Torch his ſteps I trace,
And wiſh I ne'er had ſeen *them* nor his *Face*.

Then

Then on the guiltleſs Bed begin t'exclaim,
Ask where *my Love* is, and it's ſilence blame.
Diſtracted then I ſearch the Chamber round,
But what I ſought was no where to be found.
What Tumults then were rais'd within my breaſt,
Who once on *Peace*'s downy Bed did reſt;
What raging ſtorms then toſt my troubled mind,
Unus'd to Tempeſts of ſo fierce a kind!
With pain my heavy Eyes to Heav'n I raiſe,
And ſcarce my Lips can open in its praiſe;
My former ſtrength in ſacred Conflicts fails,
And what was once *my ſport*, my Soul bewails:
For while ſucceſs crown'd my untroubled head,
On Golden Peace I made my eaſie Bed:
Then, like a *boaſting Soldier*, raw and young,
Who always is victorious with his tongue,
I wiſh'd to exerciſe ſome *Tyrant*'s rage,
Or in ſome *glorious hazard* I'd engage.
So warm a heat within my blood did play,
While on the eaſie Bed of Peace I lay:
But when this *heat* forſook me with my *Love*,
Colder than *Scythian Froſts* my Blood did prove.
So *Flow'rs*, which gentle *Zephyrs* kindly rear,
Nipt by *cold Froſts*, decay and diſappear:
So *Lamps* burn bright, while th'*Oyl* maintains their fire,
But as *that* ceaſes, languiſh and expire.

Alas!

Alas! *my Love*, I ſought thee in my *Bed*,
Who on the *Croſs* hadſt laid thy weary head:
Peace was *my Bed*, while the curſt *Croſs* was *Thine*
I ſhou'd have ſought Thee by *that fatal ſign*.
Much time I loſt in ſeeking thee around,
But ſought thee where thou wert not to be found.

Greg. in Ezek. Hom. 19.

Then we may be ſaid to ſeek our Beloved in Bed, when being amuſed with any little ſort of a Reſt in this preſent Life, we yet ſigh after our Redeemer. We ſeek him in the Night, becauſe tho' then the Soul is waking, yet the Eye is ſtill in darkneſs.

I will rise, and go about the City in the Streets, and in the broad ways, I will seek him whom my Soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. Cant. 3. 2.

P. 128

XI.

I will rise, and go about the City in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my Soul loveth : I sought him, but I found him not, Cant. iij. 2.

AT last, tho' *late*, my Error does appear,
Had I *search'd well* I sure had *found my Dear*.
I thought him wrapt in soft repose, in *Bed*,
Easing his *troubled breast*, and *weary Head*;
But *there* (alas!) *my Love* I cou'd not find,
A harder Lodging was for *him* design'd.
Alas! *my Life*, alas! what shall I do?
How can I rest or sleep depriv'd of *You?*
No, tho' a thousand Rivers murm'ring noise
Shou'd court me to it with one *lulling voice*;
Nor tho' as many whisp'ring *Groves* conspire,
And join the Musick of their *feather'd Quire*.
Scarce close my weary Eyes, with Cares oppress,
When Sorrow rushes in, and breaks my rest.
My Eyes, my Thoughts no Night admit, but when
I toss'ing lie, each tedious hour seems ten.

If ever sleep indulge my misery,
My *sleeping thoughts* are all imploy'd on *Thee*:
Why then shou'd wretched I seek rest in vain,
Since sleep so oft denies to ease my pain?

My *Bed* I quit, and ranging all the Town,
Remove as *Chance* or *Reason* leads me on:
Each Corner search, and hope in each to find
The *dearest Object of my Eyes and Mind*:
No place escapes me, none so *private* lies,
To cheat th'enquiry of my *curious Eyes*.
The eager Hound thus close his Game pursues;
While the *warm scent* directs his *ready Nose*:
Thro' Woods and Thickets, Bri'rs and Thorns he runs,
No *danger* dreads, or *inconvenience* shuns.
Thus once the weeping *Magdalen* did roam
To find her *Lord*, when missing in his *Tomb*.
What *that* denies, she hopes the *City* yields;
But *there* not found, she seeks him in the *Fields*,
No *Man unask'd*, no *Place unsearch'd*, remain'd,
Till the *dear Treasure* which she *sought* was *gain'd*:
Thus the griev'd *Dam* for her robb'd *Nest* complains,
And fills the Forest with her mournful strains;
About the Tree enrag'd she flies, and now
Lights on the top, then on some under-bough.

And to her Fellow ſadly does relate
Th' *injurious ſtealth*, and her *loſt Off-ſprings Fate*.
Thus have I ſearch'd thro' ev'ry *Walk* and *Street*,
But what I *ſought* (alas!) I cou'd not *meet*.
Baſe *Walks!* and hateful *Streets!* whoſe ev'ry Road
My weary feet ſo oft in vain have trod!
I miſt *my Love* in Bed, and ſought him *here*;
But ſought *amiſs*, and ſtill muſt want *my Dear*.

Amb. de Virg. lib. 3.

Chriſt is not found in the Courts nor in the Streets; Chriſt is no frequenter of the Courts. Chriſt is Peace, *in the Courts are* Contentions: *Chriſt is* Juſtice, *in the Courts is* Iniquity, &c. *Let us ſhun the Courts, let us avoid the Streets.*

Saw you him whom my Soul loveth? It was but a little that I past from them, but I found him whom my Soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go. Cant: 3. 4

P. 132.

XII.

Saw you him whom my Soul loveth? It was but a little that I paſt from them, but I found him whom my Soul loveth: I held him, and wou'd not let him go, Cant. iij. 3, 4.

IS there a Corner left in all the Town,
Which in my weary ſearch I have not known?
With flaming Torches every Street was Light,
Nor did I ev'n the *meaneſt Allies* ſlight.
Alas! what ground did I not travel o'er,
Till e'ven the City had not any more?
But why ſhou'd I this *fruitleſs toil* approve,
Since all my *ſeeking does not find my Love?*
Then, hopeleſs, back my penſive courſe I ſteer'd,
But ſtill no tidings of *my Lover* heard;
When I at laſt approach'd the City-gate,
Where a ſtrong *Guard* in conſtant Watch did wait;
Said I, *Perhaps my Love is hidden here:*
And then I ask'd them *if they ſaw my Dear?*
They laugh'd, and my enquiry did deride,
And *who's your Love?* one of the Centries cry'd:

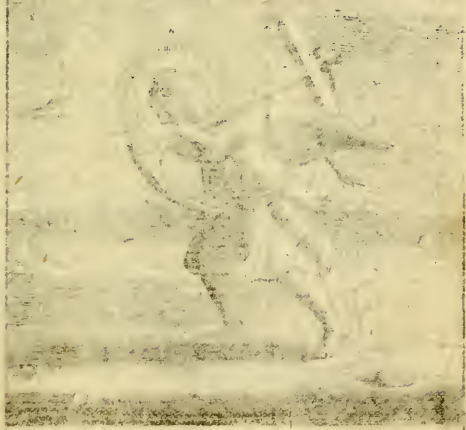
Has he no name by which he may be known?
How can we tell, since you have giv'n us none?
Excuse, *said I*, my rude simplicity,
I thought him known to all the *World*, as *me:*
And that our *Love*, so much the talk of Fame,
Had made it needless to declare his *Name*;
And tho' you wou'd pretend this ign'rance now,
I'm confident you cannot chuse but know:
Then pray be pleas'd in *earnest* to declare
If you have seen him lately passing here:
Him, whom above my *Life* I dearly prize,
And him who loves *me* more than his *own Eyes?*
Say, *when he went*, *what stay he made with you*,
And *whether he pretended he wou'd go?*
Unto the *Right* or *Left-hand* is he gone?
Or had he *Company*, or was h' *alone?*
The sportful Watch, regardless of my cares,
Answer with laughter, and deride my tears.
From *them* I go, hopeless *my Love* to find,
While Tides of Grief o'erwhelm'd my sinking mind
But while my Soul such painful Thoughts imploy,
(Nor dar'd I let it hope so vast a Joy:)
My Love, the same I sought the *City* round,
Now, *unexpected* and *unsought*, was found.

Loſt between *Joy* and *Fear* in the ſurprize,
I durſt not well give credit to my Eyes.
And *have I thee again?* I *wou'd* have cry'd,
But as I ſtrove, my faultring tongue deny'd.
As when ſome mournful Wife ſees by her bed
Her Husband long by fame reported dead;
Amaz'd to meet what ſhe had giv'n for loſt,
She flies his Arms, and takes him for a Ghoſt:
Nor dares, till his *known voice* the Truth aſſure,
The ſight of what ſhe moſt deſires, endure:
And ſtill ſhe fears leaſt ſhe *too eaſie* prove,
Betray'd to this *credulity* by *Love*.
Thus while I trembling ſtand, again I try;
Again my *Life* ſalutes my joyful Eye.
Toſs'd between *Doubt*, and *Hope*, and *Love*, and *Fear*,
Are you *my Love*, I cry, or in *his Shape* appear?
My Dear!—ah no! alas! you are not *He*;
Yet ſure you are—Yes, yes, you are, I ſee.
My Love, *my Life*, I ſee and know you now,
My ſecret *Ecſtacy* diſcovers you.
Pleas'd with your *voice*, and raviſh'd with your *Face*,
I fly uncall'd to your belov'd Embrace.
Thus, thus I'll bind you to me, and prevent
A *ſecond ſearch*, the *Soldiers Merriment*.
O that my Arms were *Chains*, and each part elſe,
Feet, Hands and all, were *Gives* and *Manacles!*

Then with a triple band *my Love* I'd bind,
Close as the *Elm* is by the *Vine* entwin'd;
The snaky *Ivy* shou'd not closer crawl
About the Ruines of its dear-lov'd *Wall.*
And while my busie hands your neck enclose,
Think that *no burthen* which their *kindness* shows!
Remember, *Love*, you have been absent long,
And Time that *did it* must *repair* the wrong:
But of the Recompence you soon complain,
And e'er my Joys *begin*, are *gone* again.
But stay! ah too unkind, ungrateful! stay!
Nor shall you fly, unless you force your way.

Beda in Cant. cap. 3.

When I had found him, I held him so much the faster, by how much the longer I was in finding him.



XIII. *But*

But it is good for me to hold me fast by God, to put my trust in the Lord God. Psal. 73. 27.

P. 138.

XIII.

But it is good for me to hold me fast by God, to put my trust in the Lord God, Psal. 73. 27.

THro' what strange turns of Fortune have I gone,
Just as a *Ball* from hand to hand is thrown?
Wars loud allarms were first my sole delight,
And hope of *Glory* led me out to fight:
Arms rais'd my courage, *Arms* were all my care,
As if I had no other bus'ness here.
Oft with a *Song* I past my tedious hour,
While I stood *Centry* on some lofty Tow'r:
Oft I the *Enemies intent* betray'd,
And shew'd *their motions* by the *signs* I made.
I learnt t'*intrench a Camp*, and *Bulwarks* rear,
With all the cunning of an *Engineer*.
Ever forward was, and bold in fight,
And did to Action the faint Troops excite.
None better understood the *Art of War*,
None more the *Soldiers* or *Commanders* care:
Oft in the *Lybian Desart* did I sweat,
Tir'd with the Sand, and melted with the heat;

Choak'd

Choak'd with the Duſt, yet no kind Fountain nigh,
The place as little moiſture had as I.

How oft have I ſwam mighty Rivers o'er,
With heavy Armour loaden, tir'd, and ſore?
And ſtill my Sword acroſs my mouth have laid,
Whene'er I did the adverſe ſtream invade.
Thus long the Camp has had my Company,
A *Foot-man* firſt, then of the *Cavalry*.
My *Breaſt-plate* has ten ſhots of Arrows born,
Nor fewer Stroaks my batter'd Helmet torn.
Thrice was my *Horſe* ſhot under me, my *Creſt*
Four times ſtruck off, and I as oft diſtreſt.
Yet boldly I expos'd my ſelf to harm,
And in my *En'mies blood* my hand was warm.
But on my *back* I did no wounds receive,
My ready *breaſt* met all my *Foes* durſt give:
For boldly againſt *Fire* and *Sword* I ſtood,
And flights of *Arrows* which the Sky did cloud:
On heads of Men, ſlain by *my Sword*, I trod,
And as I mov'd, my ways with *Corps* I ſtrow'd.
But yet the Man that did theſe *Conqueſts* gain,
Cou'd not, with *all his pow'r*, his *wiſh* obtain;
With all his *Lawrels won*, and *Foes o'er-come*,
His *Crowns deſerv'd*, and *Trophies too brought home*:

One fault did *all his former Triumphs* blaſt,
And blotted out their memory at laſt.
The *General* caſhier'd me with a Word,
And o'er my head broke *my once uſeful Sword.*
And thus in *publick Scorn* my *Fame* expir'd,
With the *dear purchaſe* of my *Blood* acquir'd,
O my dear God! had I born Arms for *Thee*,
Thy favour had not thus *deſerted me.*
What *Hopes* are plac'd on Thee can never fail,
Firm as an *Anchor* fix'd within the *Vail.*
Behind *thy Altar* then I'll lay *my Arms*,
And bid a long adieu to *War's allarms.*
But ſoon my mind on *Gain* was all intent,
Gain to my thoughts ſuch ſweets did repreſent.
A *Ship* I bought, which when I fraighted well,
Abroad I ſteer'd, to *purchaſe* and to *ſell.*
In both the *Indies* I expos'd my Ware,
No *Port* was known but I had Trafick there:
For from *ſmall Ventures*, *large Acquiſts* to gain,
Was all the buſie Study of my brain.
Wealth now came flowing in with ſuch a Tide,
It wou'd not in my *ſtrain'd Cheſts* abide.
My *Ships* came loaden from the *Indian*-ſhoar;
But *next return* they *periſh'd* at my door.
My *Books* with *Debtors* names ſtill larger grew;
But *they forſwore*, and ſo *I loſt my due.*

Thus

Thus *Salt*, made in the *Sea*, does there decay,
Thus where 'twas gain'd, my *Wealth* all melts away.

How peaceful is the Man, and how ſecure,
Whom *War* did ne'er *delight*, nor *Gain allure* ?
No more ſhall *Gain* my cheated fancy pleaſe,
That cannot purchaſe *one ſhort minutes eaſe*.
What ſhall I do, ſince my attempts are vain?
In *War*, no *Fame*; in *Trade*, no *Wealth* I gain.
Then to the *Court* I haſtily repair,
My *Fame* as ſoon finds kind reception *there*.
I'm brought before the *King*, and kiſs his Hand,
He likes my *Perſon*, gives me a *Command*.
Now grown his *Fav'rite*, I have all his Ear;
Whate'er I *ſpeak*, he eagerly does *hear* :
And to *new Honours* does me ſtill advance,
Not the effect of *merit*, but of *chance*.
But, whether *his miſtake*, or *my deſert*,
I'm now indeared, and wound into his heart.
Oft in diſcourſe we ſpent the buſie day,
And ne'er regarded how it paſt away.
Nay, without *me*, he wou'd not *play* nor *eat*,
My preſence gave a *reliſh* to his meet :
No *Fav'rite* e'er was dearer to his *Prince* ;
No *Prince* ſuch *Favours* ever did diſpenſe.

Sejanus

Sejanus rul'd not thus his Master's Heart;
His wary Lord allow'd him but a part:
Nor *Clytus*'s self cou'd *greater Honours* have,
Tho' the *World's Conqu'ror* was almost *his Slave.*
This *new advancement* pleas'd my thoughts, 'tis true,
(For there are *secret Charms* in all things new.)
The *Courtiers envy*, and the *Crowds admire*
To see the King *my Company* desire.
But, oh! on *Kings* 'tis Folly to depend,
Whose *Pow'r*, much more their *Favours*, quickly end.
The King to *Frowns* does all his *Smiles* convert,
And as he *lov'd*, so *hates*, *without desert.*
His *Favour* sow'rs to *Rage*, and I am sent
Far from my Native Soil to *Banishment.*
My fall to Hist'ry adds one Story more,
A Story I for ever must deplore.
Sejanus had not a severer fate,
Nor *Clytus*'s happiness a shorter date.
O God! how great is their security,
Whose hopes and wishes all are fix'd on thee?

Aug. in Psal. 36.

Forsake all other Loves; he is fairer who created Heaven and Earth.

XIV. *I sate*

I sate down under his shadow (whom I loved) with great delight. Cant. 2. 3.

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XIV.

I ſate down under his ſhadow (whom I loved) with great delight, Cant. iij. 3.

IN a long journey to an unknown Clime,
Much ground I *travel'd*, and *conſum'd much time*:
Till weary grown, computing in my mind,
I thought the ſhorteſt of my way behind.
But when I better had ſurvey'd the race,
I found there ſtill remain'd the greater ſpace.
Then my faint Limbs grew feeble with deſpair,
Diſcourag'd at a journey ſo ſevere:
With hands and eyes erect, I vent my grief
To Heav'n, in hope from thence to find relief.

Oh! who will ſhade me from this *ſcorching heat*?
ee on my head how the fierce Sun-beams beat!
While by their fervor parch'd, the burning Sand
Torments my Feet, and ſcarce will let me ſtand.
Then you I praiſe, dear Groves, and ſhady Bowers.
Bleſt with cool Springs, and ſweet refreſhing Flow'rs.

Then wiſh th'expanded *Poplar* wou'd o'erſpread,
Or leavy *Apple* ſhade my weary head.

The God whoſe aid I oft had ſought before,
As often found, now adds this favour more.
Whither your haſt deſigns, *ſays he*, I know;
Know *what* you want, and *how* you want it too.
I know you ſeek *Jeruſalem* above,
Thither your life and your endeavours move:
But with the tedious *Pilgrimage* diſmay'd,
Implore refreſhment from the *Apple*'s ſhade.
See, ſee, I come to bring your pains relief!
Beneath *my ſhadow* eaſe your weary grief.
Behold my Arms ſtretch'd on the fatal *Tree!*
With theſe extended boughs I'll cover thee:
Behold my *bleeding feet*, my *gaping ſide!*
In theſe free Coverts thou thy ſelf maiſt hide.
This ſhade will I grant thee thy deſir'd repoſe,
This Tree alone for that kind purpoſe grows.

Thus ſpoke the God, whoſe favour thus expreſt
With *ſtrength* inſpir'd my limbs, with *hope* my brea
I rais'd my eyes, and there *my Love* I ſpy'd;
But, oh! *my Love*, *my Love* was crucify'd!
O what a diſmal Scene (I all diſmaid
Cry'd out) preſents me this unnat'ral Shade.

Wh

What comfort can it yield to wretched me,
While *Thou* art hung on this *accurſed Tree*?
Curs'd *Tree*! and more curs'd *hand* by which 'twas ſet!
The bloody ſtains are *reeking* on it yet!
Yet this fair *Tree* projects its ſpreading Boughs,
And with kind cooling Shades invites repoſe:
But what it offers ſtill it ſelf denies,
And more to *tears* than *ſleep* inclines my Eyes.

Bleſt Tree! and *happy hand* that fix'd thee here!
That hand deſerves the Honour of a *Star*!
Now, now, *my Love*, I thy reſemblance know,
My cool, kind, ſhady reſidence below.
As the large Apple ſpreads its loaden Boughs,
From whoſe rare Fruit a pleaſing Liquor flows:
And, more than all its fellows of the Wood,
Allows the *weary reſt*, the *hungry food*:
Thus thou art, *Lord*, my *Covert* in the heat;
My *Drink* when *thirſty*, and when *hungry*, *Meat*.
How oft, *my Love*, how oft with earneſt pray'r,
Have I invok'd thy Shade, to reſt me there?
There penſive I'll bewail my wretched State,
Like a ſad Turtle widow'd of her Mate;
I'll bath thy pale dead Lips in a warm flood,
And from thy Locks I'll waſh the clotted Blood:

Thy hanging head my hands ſhall gently raiſe,
And to my cheek I'll lay thy gory face;
Thy wounded ſide with watry eyes I'll view,
And as *thy blood*, *my tears* ſhall ever flow:
Flow till my ſight, by their kind flood reliev'd,
With the ſad Object be no longer griev'd.

Yet this *one wound* in me will *many* make,
Till proſtrate at *thy feet* my place I take:
Then I'll embrace again the *fatal Tree*,
And write this ſad *Inſcription* under thee:
Two Lovers *ſee*, *who their own Deaths conſpire!*
She *drowns in* Tears, *while* He *conſumes in* Fire.

Honorius in cap. 2. Cant. apud Delr.

A ſhadow is made of a body and light, and is the Travellers covert from the heat, his protection from the ſtorm. The Tree of Life, to wit, the Apple-Tree, *is the* holy Croſs; *its* Fruit *is* Chriſt, *its* ſhadow *the* refreſhment *and* defence *of Mankind.*

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange Land. Psal. 137. 4.

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XV.

How ſhall we ſing the Lords Song in a ſtrange Land? Pſal. cxxxvij. 4.

OH! why, my Friends, am I deſir'd to ſing?
How can I raiſe a *note*, or touch a *ſtring*?
Muſick requires a Soul to mirth inclin'd,
And ſympathizes with the troubled mind.

But you reply, Such ſeaſons moſt require
The kind diverſion of the warbling Lyre;
When *grief* wou'd ſtrike you dumb, 'tis time to *ſing*,
Then ſtrain the *voice*, and ſtrike the trembling *ſtring*;
Leaſt *then* the mind o'erwhelm'd in ſorrow lie,
Too much intent on it own miſery.

You urge, this remedy will grief aſſwage,
And with examples *prove* what you *alledge*.
You ſay, This tunes the weary Sailors note,
While o'er long Seas their nimble Veſſels float:
You ſay, This makes the artful Shepherd play,
Whoſe tuneful Pipes the tedious hours betray,

And that the Trav'ller's journey eaſi'ſt proves,
When to the muſick of his voice he moves.
And Soldiers when with Night or Labour tir'd
By ſinging, with new vigour are inſpir'd.
I'll not perverſly blame this art in *them*,
Nor th' inoffenſive policy condemn;
But know my tongue, long practis'd in complaint,
Is skill'd in grief, in lamentations quaint.
Scarce my loſt skill cou'd I to practice bring,
And *Muſick* ſeem'd a ſtrange unuſual thing;
And as one blinded long, ſcarce brooks the light,
So pleaſing Ayres my uncouth tongue affright.
When I my ſlighted *Numbers* wou'd retrieve,
And make the ſpeaking *Chords* appear to live;
When I wou'd raiſe the murmuring *Viols* voice,
Or make the *Lute* in brisker ſounds rejoice;
When on my *Pipe* attempt a ſhriller note,
Or join my *Harp* in conſort with my *Throat*:
My Voice (alas!) in floods of tears is drown'd,
And boiſtrous ſighs diſperſe the fainting ſound.
Again to *ſing*, again to *play* I try'd;
Again my *voice*, again my *hand* deny'd:
Slow and unactive by diſuſe ſo long,
Their Art's forgot both by my Hand and Tongue:
And now with theſe allays I try too late
To mollifie my hard, my rigid Fate.

Grant I excell'd in *Muſick*, and in *Song*,
And warbled ſwift Diviſion with my Tongue;
Cou'd I with *Iſrael's ſweeteſt Singer* vie,
Or touch the *Harp* with more ſucceſs than *He*:
Will *Muſick* or *Complaint* beſt ſuit my woe,
Who never had *more cauſe* to weep, than *now?*
But ſorrow has my tuneful *Harp* unſtrung,
And grief's become habitual to my Tongue:
Nor do the *place* or *time* ſuch mirth allow;
But grant *they* did, my *ſorrows* anſwer *no.*
For wou'd you have an *exil'd Stranger* ſing
His *Country Songs* under a *Foreign King?*
Forbear; *my Fate* and this *loath'd place* conſpire
To *ſilence me*, and *hinder your deſire.*
Tears drown my Eyes, exhauſted by my wrongs,
Then, ah! how am I fit for jocund Songs?
Harſh Fortune's wounded Captive kindly ſpare!
My voice has loſt its pleaſing accents here.
Sorrow diſorders and diſtorts my face,
I cannot give my Songs their former grace.
Shou'd I begin to ſing or play, 'twou'd be
Some doleful *Emblem* of my miſery.
My thoughts are all on my loſt State intent,
And cloſe Companions of my Baniſhment.
Then why am I deſir'd to play or ſing,
Now grief has broke my voice, and ſlackned ev'ry (ſtring?

Oh!

Oh! my lov'd Country, when I think on *thee*,
My *Lute*, my *Voice*, my *Mind*, all loſe their harmony:
But if to *Thee* I happily return, (*mourn.*
Then they ſhall all *rejoice*, as much as now they

Aug. Medit. cap. 35.

O that I could say such things as the Hymn-singing Choire of Angels! How willingly would I pour forth my self in thy praises!

ECSTACIES

I charge you O Daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my Beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of Love. Cant. 5. 8.

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ECSTACIES OF THE ENAMOUR'D SOUL.

BOOK *the Third.*

I.

I charge you, O Daughters of Jeruſalem, *if you find my Beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of Love,* Cant. v. 8.

BLeſt *Reſidents* in thoſe bright *Courts* above
Thoſe Starry Temples *where you Sing and Love:*
By ſacred *Verſe* I you adjure and bind,
If by a happy chance my *Love* you find;
To him my ſtrong, my reſtleſs Paſſion bear,
And gently whiſper't in his ſacred Ear;
How I each moment in ſoft Sighs *expire*,
And languiſh in the *Flames* of my Deſire.
How I am ſcorch'd in *Love's* fierce *torrid Zone*,
As withering Flow'rs before the raging Sun.

For

For ſcattering round his Darts, among the reſt
He ſhot himſelf into my love-ſick breaſt;
Through blood and bones the ſhaft like lightning ſtol
And with ſtrange infl'ence ſeiz'd my melting Soul:
Now in a flame unquenchable I burn,
And feel my breaſt t'another *Ætna* turn.
If a more full account he wou'd receive,
(For *Lovers* always are inquiſitive:)
Tell him how pale, how languiſhing I look,
And how I fainted when I wou'd have ſpoke.
If he enquires what pace my *Feaver* moves,
Oh! tell him, I no Feaver feel, but *Love's*:
Or if he asks what danger of my death,
Tell him--- I cou'd not tell, for want of breath.
Tell him no meſſage you from me relate,
But gaſping ſounds, that ſpoke approaching Fate.
Yet, if he queſtions how in death I look,
Say how my *Beauty* has my face forſook.
Say how I'm ſtrangely all transform'd with woe,
That he *my ſuff'rings* and *their cauſe* may know.
Tell him I lie ſeiz'd with a deadly ſwound,
A bloodleſs Corps ſtretch'd on the naked ground.
Tell him my *eyes* ſwim round my *dizzy head*,
And on my breaſt my feeble hands are ſpred,
The Coral of my Lips grows ſickly pale,
And on my Cheeks the withering Roſes fail;

My Veins, tho' chaf'd, have loſt their azure hue,
And *their decay* ſhews *Nature failing* too:
Nor any ſigns expreſs remaining life,
But the *worſt ſymptoms*, ſighs that vent my grief.
And yet I cannot any reaſon feign,
Why, tho' *unhurt*, ſo often I complain:
Unleſs ſome treach'rous Sigh unruly prove
Betray my bluſhing Soul, and own 'tis *Love*.
This, this was ſure *my ſorrows only cauſe*;
I *lov'd*, yet *knew not what a Lover was*.
This from my breaſt extorted *frequent ſighs*,
And preſt the tears from my *o'erflowing eyes*.
This was the cauſe, that when I ſtrove to frame
Remote Diſcourſe, it ended with *his Name*.
Oh! then ——
Tell the *lov'd Object* of my *thought* and *eye*,
How I his *Martyr* and his *Victim* die.
Diſtill'd in *Love's Alembick*, I expire,
Parch'd up, like *Roſes*, by too warm a fire;
Or dry'd, like *Lilies*, which have long in vain
Begg'd the refreſhment of a gentle Rain.
Tell Him, the *cauſe* of all my grief will prove,
Without *his help*, *my death*; for, oh! 'tis *LOVE*.

Rupert. in Cant.

Tell him, That I am ſick of Love, through the great deſire I have of ſeeing his face: I endure the wearineſs of life, and I can hardly bear the delay of my preſent Exile.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of Love
Cant 2. 5. P. 160.

II.

Stay me with Flagons, comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of Love, Cant. ij. 5.

HOW strangely, *Love*, dost thou my will controul?
Thou *pleasing Tyrant* of my *captiv'd Soul!*
Oh! would'st thou have thy welcom torments *last*
Slacken their heat, for *I consume too fast.*
On other *Hearts* thy fiery Arrows show'r,
For *mine* (alas!) has now no room for more.
O spare *thy own Artill'ry*, and *my breath!*
For the *next shaft* comes wing'd with *certain Death.*
Oh! I am lost, and from my self estrang'd,
To *Love*, my *voice*; to *Love*, my *blood* is chang'd:
From *part* to *part* insensibly he stole,
Till the sly *Conqu'ror* had subdu'd the *whole.*

Alas! will no one pity my distress?
Will neither *Earth* nor *Heav'n* afford redress?
Canst *Thou*, the *Author* of my miseries,
Canst *Thou* behold me with *relentless eyes?*

Now, gloriously M[illegible] Oh!

Oh! haſte, you *bright Inhabitants* above,
My *fellow-Patients* in this *charming Love*;
Rifle the *Gardens*, and diſrobe the *Fields*,
Bring all the Treaſure Natures Store-houſe yields;
Bind fragrant *Roſe-buds* to my Temples firſt,
Then with *cool Apples* quench my *fiery thirſt*.
Theſe may allay the *Feaver* of my Blood.
Oh no! there's nothing, nothing does me good.
Againſt *Loves force* what Salve can *Roſes* make,
Since ev'n *themſelves* may hide the *pois'nous Snake?*
And *Apples* ſure can ſmall aſſiſtance give,
In *one of them* th'*Old Serpent* did deceive.
O then! to ſlacken this tormenting fire,
The *Roſe of Sharon* only I deſire:
And for an *Apple* to aſſwage my grief,
Give it, oh! give it from the *Tree of Life!*
Then ſtrow them gently on my Virgin-bed!
And as the withering *Roſe* declines its head,
Compos'd to Death's long ſleep my reſt I'll take,
Dream of my Love, and in his arms awake.

Giſſen in Cant. cap. 2.

It is certainly a good languiſhment, when the Diſeaſe is not to Death, but Life, that God may be glorified by it: when that Heat and Feaver does not proceed from a conſuming, but rather from an improving fire.

My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the Lillies Cant. 2. 16.

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III.

My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the Lilies, Cant. ij. 16.

BLeſt ſouls, whoſe hearts burn with ſuch *equal fire*,
As never, but *together*, will expire!
To *your content* I wou'd not *Crowns* prefer,
For *all Heav'ns Bleſſings* are dilated *there*:
And when with *equal flames* two Souls engage,
That happy minute is *Love's golden Age*.
Such bliſs I wiſh'd, when *Love* at firſt poſſeſt,
And ſpread his Enſigns o'er my trembling breaſt:
How oft I pray'd, whene'er in Love I burn,
Grant me, great Pow'r, to find a juſt return!
The God return'd this *anſwer* to my *pray'r*,
Love firſt, and never then of Love deſpair!
The ſudden Sound invades my frightned ear,
I trembled when I knew *the God* was near.
Is it thy Will, *Almighty Love* (I cry'd)
To liſt a Soldier, in thy Wars untry'd?
'Tis true, my *fellow-Maids* have told me long
The *promis'd Joys* of thy adoring throng:

But oft my *Nurſe*, acquainted with the cheat,
Told me, 'twas all *deluſion* and *deceit*;
And that the *Oracle* too true wou'd prove,
Which thus declar'd *the ill effects of Love:*
" Num'rous as *Atho*'s Hares, or *Hybla*'s Swarms,
" Or Olive-berries on the loaden Tree,
" Or as the Shells, or Sands, are *Love*'s allarms,
" Abounding ſtill with fear and miſery.
For ſtill this fear the wretches entertain,
Leſt all their *Love* ſhou'd meet unjuſt *Diſdain.*
Of *happy Lovers* no Records can boaſt;
Their bliſs was *counterfeit*, or *ſhort* at moſt:
The airy *God*'s unſettled motion ſhews
That *Love*'s a *Tide* that always *ebbs* and *flows.*
Go then and truſt thoſe dying flames that will,
Since *Love*'s a *wand'rer* and *uncertain* ſtill.
" Than his own feathers is he lighter far,
" And all his promis'd Faith but empty air.
By Oaths and Vows let no one be betray'd,
Which vaniſh in the breath with which th'are made.
His cheeks are with unuſual bluſhes dreſt,
And his quick flight, this mighty truth confeſt:
And now his *fraud*, and *treachery* I knew,
To all his pow'r I bid a laſt *adieu.*
To *Thee*, thou *heav'n-born Love*, my Soul I'll join,
Be *thou my Flame*, Dear Lord! and *I'll* be *thine!*

Whil

While *day* and *night* succeſſively return,
Our *mutual fires* ſhall never ceaſe to burn.
O the ſweet balm diſtilling from each kiſs!
How vaſt the pleaſure, how divine the bliſs!
What new delights from *heav'nly Love* ſtill flow,
They only, who enjoy the Bleſſing, know.
But, oh! to love, or to belov'd of Thee,
Is the great myſt'ry of *Felicity:*
And, more t'inhance and recommend the joy,
'Tis ſuch as time does *heighten*, not *deſtroy.*
My Love, *my Life* in *Thee* all *Hybla*'s Sweets,
In *Thee* all *Ophir*'s richeſt Treaſure meets.
With what repeated *Ecſtacies* poſſeſt,
We vent our paſſions in each others breaſt!
O how unſpeakable's the bliſs to me,
To loſe my ſelf in thoughts of its Eternity!
This Love is ſubject to no anxious cares,
Too *bleſt* for *troubles*, too *ſecure* for *fears.*
In *Paradices* of delight it feeds,
Where whiteſt Lilies deck th'enamell'd Meads:
Among which *Emblems* of our pure deſires,
We in chaſt pleaſures quench our mutual fires.

Bernard. in Cant. Serm. 71.

Thou who heareſt, or readeſt this, take care to have the Lilies in thee, if thou wouldſt have this dweller among the Lilies viſit thee.

I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me. Cant. 7. 10.

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IV.

I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me, Cant. vij. 10.

THro' the thick shades of a cool *Cypress Grove*,
Weeping I wander'd to bewail my Love;
A briny torrent rowl'd adown my breast,
And weighty grief my sinking Soul oppress.
In my sad Arms an Ivory Lute I bore,
My sorrows sure Physician heretofore.
Tir'd with my grief, on a soft Turf I rest,
And thus unload my over-burthen'd breast.

Must I my days consume in lonesom grief,
And cruel Love deny me all relief?
O let that curse attend my Enemies,
Be they still Strangers to Love's envy'd Bliss!
" For not to *love*, is surely not to *live*,
" Since *Life's chief blessings* we in *Love* receive:
" The whole design of *living* is to *love*,
" And who *loves most*, does *best his life improve.*

Bodies

Bodies of Earth down to their centre tend
And Seeds of Fire to theirs above aſcend.
So our ſoft hearts to *Love* are ſtill inclin'd,
Urg'd by a vi'lent impulſe of the mind.
E'vn *mine* too, kindled by an innate flame,
Is eager to deſerve a *Lovers name.*
But where ſhall I my kindling Flames impart,
Where yield the Virgin-fortreſs of my heart?
Shall I deſcend to a *low mortal love*,
I, the *Companion of bleſt* Minds *above?*
Or ſhall I with *inferiour Creatures* ſport,
Whom *their Creator* not diſdains to court?
No, no, my Soul, fix thou thy thoughts on high;
Thou haſt no equal match beneath the Sky.
My *Hymen* ſhall no other Torches bear,
Than what have each been lighted at a Star.
Angels ſhall my Epithalamium *ſing*,
Conducting me in triumph to their King.
Him, Him alone of all I can approve
The nobleſt object of the pureſt Love.
His dear-lov'd *Image* ſtill ſalutes my eye,
Nor can his *abſence* this delight deny.
No envious diſtance can prevail to part
His dear *reſembling Impreſs* from my heart.
With him, methinks, in ſweet diſcourſe I walk,
Pleas'd with the ſound of his imagin'd talk.

So,

So, by ſtrange ſympathy, the faithful *Steel*
Does the lov'd *Pole's* magnetick influence feel,
By whoſe kind conduct the ſafe *Pylot* ſteers
A ſteddy courſe, till the wiſh'd Port appears.
So the fond *Hyacinth* purſues the *Sun*,
Pleas'd at his riſe, *griev'd* when his race is done:
So is *He* waited on by the pale *Moon*,
Who from *his beams reflection* guilds *her own.*
Like *theſe*, Almighty Love, to *Thee* I flie;
If thou withdraw'ſt thy face, I pine, I die.
O then, ſince all my joys on that *depend*,
Let the bleſt Viſion never never end!

The

The ſame, by another Hand.

A *Cypreſs Grove* (whoſe melancholly ſhade
To ſute the temper of the ſad was made)
I choſe for my retreat, there laid me down,
Hoping my *Sorrows* in my *Tears* to drown:
They vainly flow'd; and now o'erwhelm'd with grief
From *Muſicks* charming ſounds I ſought relief.
This Song compos'd, I ſtrike my Lyre, and ſing,
Soft Notes rebounding from each ſilver String.
Ah! ſhall my waſted days no paſſion crown;
And muſt my empty years roul uſeleſs on!
So hard a fate I'd wiſh my greateſt foes;
He lives not, who the flames of Love ne'er knows:
Stupid his Soul lies hid in darkeſt night,
Who is not chear'd with Loves tranſpiercing light:
He bears no Image of the God above,
Whoſe icy breaſt's inſenſible to *Love*.
The pond'rous Earth, by'ts proper weight depreſt,
Beneath all other Elements doth reſt;
While pointed Flames do thro' the ſolid maſs
Force their bright way, and unreſiſted paſs:
So thro' the ſolid lump of Man, the *Soul*
Sends forth thoſe fires that all the frame controul;

And

And his desires do hurry him away,
Where-e'er those flames direct th'obedient Clay.
And now I feel an *unknown warmth* all o'er;
I burn, I melt, *but know not from what Pow'r:*
These *sharp quick fires* are urg'd thro' ev'ry vein,
Mingling at once such *Pleasure* and such *Pain.*
Ah! whither will this furious passion drive?
(In vain against *Love*'s raging force we strive.)
Shall *my aspiring Soul*, like *vulgar hearts*,
Complain of *shameful wounds* from *Cupid's Darts?*
If I shou'd be embrac'd by mortal arms,
They'd fade my Beauties, sully all my Charms:
My *rising Mind* soars vast degrees above
Terrestrial Charms, they're *much beneath my Love:*
These *gross desires* my *purer Soul* disdains;
She'll be *His Spouse who ev'ry Being frames.*
Agnes, of *Rome* the *wonder* and the *pride*,
Her Charms to an *Ausonian Youth* deny'd,
And in *these terms* refus'd to be his *Bride:*
" If I have kindled fires within your breast,
" I cannot *grant*, but *pity* your request:
" Nor can you justly my refusal blame,
" Since I burn with a much *diviner flame*;
" For *my Creator* hath engag'd my heart,
" My Soul from *such a Spouse* can ne'er depart:

" His

« His lovely Image ſtill is in my ſight,
" And at this diſtance *He's my ſole delight:*
" In abſence we converſe; I ſpeak in Pray'rs,
" And he in abſence charms my liſtning ears.
So by the *Loadſtones* unſeen wondrous force
The faithful *Needle* ſteers the Seamans courſe:
Tow'rds its lov'd *North* it conſtantly doth riſe,
Guiding their ſecret Courſe, where-e'er it lies.
So does the Flow'r of *Phœbus* twice a day
Turn tow'rds her *Sun*, and her glad leaves diſplay.
Fair *Cynthia* thus regards her *Brother*'s Beams,
Renews *her Beauty* from *his borrow'd flames.*
I am thy *Clytie* (Spouſe) thou art my *Sun*,
I *Cynthia*, always tow'rds *thy light* muſt run.
My *Spouſe*, my *Helice*, with longing I (flie.
(Where-e'er thou draw'ſt) tow'rds *thee* in raptures
What wonder if in mutual Love *We* burn,
Since *Steel* can tow'rds the ſenſeleſs *Loadſtone* turn?

Bernard.

Bernard. Medit. cap. 9.

My Heart paſſes through many things, ſeeking about where it may take its reſt; but finds nothing that pleaſes it, till it returns to God.

V. *My*

My Soul melted as my Beloved Spoke, Cant. 5. 6.
P. 176.

V.

My Soul melted as my Beloved ſpoke,
Cant. v. 6.

WHat *hills*, what *rocks*, what *deſarts* have I trod,
Only for one ſhort view of *Thee*, my God?
How for one word from thoſe dear Lips of *Thine*,
My feet a tireſom *Pilgrimage* injoin!
O'er craggy Rocks of ſuch ſtupendious height,
Th'aſcent does ev'n the climbing Deer affright:
Yet cannot my unwearied haſte delay,
For mighty Love conducts me all the way.
Tho' from theſe heights I *all things elſe* deſcry,
The *dear-lov'd Object* ſhuns my longing eye.
Diſtracted then, thro' ev'ry Den I rave,
Search each Receſs, and viſit ev'ry Cave.
In vain thoſe unfrequented paths I wear,
I only find thou art a Stranger there.
Sometimes into the open Plain I rove,
But *there* am loſt in *Error* as in *Love*.
To Heav'n I look, and thro' the Fields complain,
But *both* unkindly anſwer not again.

Wandring from thence I find a *ſhady Vale*,
There on *my Love* (but ſtill in vain) I call.
Not far from *hence* a *cloſe thick Covert* grows,
Where panting Breaſts fly for a cool repoſe:
Here, here, ſaid I, perhaps He's laid to reſt;
But, oh! no ſign of *Thee* was *here* impreſt.
Then, ſtung with paſſion, and o'erwhelm'd with grief,
I coaſt the *Shoar*, and *thence* expect relief.
Here a *high Tow'r* exalts its lofty head,
By whoſe kind light the wandring Sailor's led:
Here I aſcend, and view the Ocean round,
While my complaints o'er all the Shoar reſound:
Tell me, *you Shoars*, *you Seas*, and tell me true,
Is not *my Love* conceal'd in ſome of *You?*
As to each other *you wou'd conſtant be*,
Diſcover, *and be juſt to* Love *and* me!
Scarce had the Shoar receiv'd the mournful noiſe,
When it return'd a loud redoubled voice:
But *that* ſome ſporting *Eccho* I believe,
That fools the wretch'd, and dallies with their grief.
Again the Shoar I rend; the Shoar does hear,
And the *kind voice* again ſalutes my ear:
A *voice*, a *well-known voice!* 'twas *Thine*, *my Life*,
Whoſe *pleaſing accents* ſoon diſpell'd my grief.
Now I reviv'd: *One* ſuch *immortal breath*
Had pow'r enough to *reſcue me from death.*

Thy voice, like *Lightning*, unperceiv'd, unfelt,
By a ſtrange influence thro' the Soul can melt.
So *thy Diſciples hearts* were fir'd within,
When on the way thou didſt diſcourſe begin;
The ſecret Charms of *Thy prevailing voice*
Caus'd *unaccountable*, yet *mighty* Joys.
'Twas the ſame *heav'nly ſound* that anſwer'd me,
And all diſſolv'd me into *Ecſtacy*.
That kindled ſuch a fire within my Soul,
Whoſe ardent heat an Ocean cannot cool.
See how my melting paſſions haſt and run,
Like *Virgin-wax* before the ſcorching *Sun!*
O might I be ſo bleſt to mix with *Thee*,
Our *Life* the ſame, the ſame our *Love* ſhou'd be.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What is this that I feel? what fire is it that warms my heart? what light is it that enlightens it? O thou fire which always burneſt, and art never extinguiſhed! do thou inflame me!

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon Earth that I desire in Comparison of thee. Psal. 73. 24.

P. 180.

VI.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon Earth that I desire in comparison of thee, Psal. lxxiij. 24.

WHat shall I seek, *great God*, in *Heav'n* above,
Or *Earth*, or *Sea*, whereon to fix my love?
Tho' I shou'd ransack *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Sea*,
All *they* can boast, is *nothing without Thee*.

I know what *mighty Joys* in *Heav'n* abound,
What *Treasures* in the *Earth* and *Sea* are found;
Yet without *Thee*, my Love! t'enrich their store,
All, all *their glories* are but *mean* and *poor*.
O *Heav'n!* O *Earth!* O vast capacious *Main!*
Three famous Realms where *Wealth* and *Plenty* reign!
Tho' in *one heap* your *triple pleasures* lay,
They were *no pleasures*, were *my Lord* away.
My thoughts, I own, have often rang'd the *Deep*,
Search'd *Earth* and *Heav'n*, and in no bounds wou'd keep;
But when they wandred the *Creation* round,
No *equal Object* in the *Whole* they found.

Sometimes I thought to rip the pregnant *Earth*,
And give its rich and long-born burthen birth;
Gold, *Silver*, *Braſs*, ſeeds of the ſhining Vein,
And each bright product of the fertile Mine:
For *theſe* we dig and tear our *Mother's Womb*,
Till for our boundleſs Treaſures we want room:
To what advantage? Tho', o'ercharg'd with Gold,
Your burſting Coffers can't their burthen hold;
Yet this can ne'er your troubled mind appeaſe,
Nor buy your ſorrows ev'n a minutes eaſe.

Here diſappointed, to the *Deep* I go,
Whoſe ſecret *Chambers* dusky *Indians* know.
Pleas'd with its Gemmy ſtore my ſelf to load,
I dive, and viſit its conceal'd abode:
Then the *ſcarce Burret* ſeek, whoſe bloods rich dye
Is the great Ornament of Majeſty.
Then ſcatter'd Pearls I gather on the ſhoar
Where rich *Hydaſpes* caſts his ſhining oar.

Alas! theſe *Jewels* brought from ſeveral Coaſts
All that each *River*, or the *Ocean* boaſts;
The *Saphyr*, *Jaſper*, and the *Chryſolite*,
Can't quench my *thirſt*, or ſtay my *appetite*.
Then, ſince the *Earth* and *Sea* content deny,
Heav'ns lofty Fabrick I reſolve to try.

With

With wonder I the vaſt *Machine* ſurvey,
With glorious Stars all ſtudded, bright and gay:
Amaz'd their *ſtill unalter'd courſe* I view,
And how their *daily motions* they renew.
But among all the *Penſile-fires* above,
None warm'd my breaſt, none rais'd my Soul to *love*:
But I beheld at *diſtance* from below:
Then farewel *Earth*, up to their *Orbs* I go.
Now *leſſ'ning Cities* leave my diſtant ſight,
And now the *Earths whole Globe* is vaniſh'd quite;
Above the *Sun* and *Planets* I am born,
And their *inferior Influences* ſcorn.
Now the bright pavement of the *Stars* I tread,
Once the high *cov'ring* of my humble head.
Now o'er the lofty flaming Wall I flie,
And *Heav'ns bright Court* lies open to my eye.
Now curious Crowds of the *wing'd Quire* above
Tow'rds the *new gueſt* with dazling ſplendor move:
Hymns well compos'd to *Ayrs Divine* they ſing,
New tune their *Harps*, and ſcrue up ev'ry String;
Then in brisk Notes *triumphant Anthems play*,
While *Heav'n* reſounds, as if 'twere *Holy-day*.

O *glorious Manſions* fill'd with *ſhining fires!*
O *Courts* fit only for your *Starry Quires!*

My raviſh'd Soul's in ſtrange amazement loſt;
Sure *no delight* is wanting on *this Coaſt*.
Ah! — Said I, *no delight* was wanting here?
Yes, you want *All*; alas! you want *my Dear*.
Farewel you *Stars*, and you *bright Forms* adieu;
My buſineſs here was with my *Love*, not *you*.
There's nothing good *below* without *my Love*,
Nor any thing worth a faint *Wiſh above*.

One World ſubdu'd, the *Conqu'ror* did deplore
That Niggard *Fate* had not allow'd him *more*:
My vaſter thoughts *a thouſand Worlds* deſpiſe,
Nor loſe *one wiſh* on ſuch a *worthleſs prize*.
Not *all the Univerſe* from Pole to Pole,
Heav'n, *Earth*, and *Sea*, can fill my boundleſs Soul.
What neither *Earth*'s wide limits can contain,
Nor the large Empire of the ſpreading *Main*;
Nor *Heav'n*, whoſe vaſter Globe does *both* incloſe;
That's the ſole *Object* my Ambition knows.
Till now, alas! my Soul at *ſhadows* caught,
And always was *deceiv'd* in what it *ſought*:
Thou, Lord, alone art *Heav'n*, *Earth*, *Sea*, to me:
Thou, Lord, art *All*, all *nothing* without *Thee*.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 20.

Whatever is contained within the compaſs of Heaven, is beneath the Soul of Man, which was made to enjoy the chiefeſt Good above, in whoſe poſſeſſion alone it can be happy.

VII. *Wo*

Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar. Psal. 120. 4.

P. 186.

VII.

Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, *and to have my habitation among the tents of* Kedar ! Psal. cxx. 4.

STill does the Sun with usual motion steer
The revolutions of the circling Year?
Or Gibeons *wondrous* Solstice *is renew'd,*
When at the mighty Joshua*'s beck he stood?*
Or is his motion now grown Retrogade,
As when he turn'd the Hebrew *Dial's shade?*
Why else shou'd I, who now am past the Age
Allow'd to tread this Worlds unhappy Stage?
Why shou'd I be deny'd an *Exit*, now
I've play'd *my part*, and have no more to do?
Is there on Earth a *Blessing* to repair
Th'injurious force of my detainer there?
How wou'd I welcom any fav'ring death,
To ease me of the burthen of my breath?
By one sure stroke, kind Fate, my Soul reprieve!
For 'tis continual dying here to live.

Here

Here our chief Bliſs is an uncertain Joy,
Which ſwift viciſſitudes of ill deſtroy:
Juſt as the Sun, who riſing bright and gay,
In Clouds and Show'rs concludes the weeping day.
So boiſterous guſts oft tender Flow'rs invade,
By tempting Winds too ſoon abroad betray'd.

Here, envious of each others ſettlement,
All things contend each other to ſupplant.
The ſecond minute *drives the* firſt *away,*
And Night's *impatient to ſucceed the* Day:
The eager Summer *thinks the* Spring *too long,*
And Autumn *frets that* Summer *is not gone:*
But Autumn's *ſelf to* Winter *muſt give way,*
Leſt its cold Froſts o'ertake and puniſh his delay.

Behold yon Sea, how ſmooth, without a frown?
See, while I ſpeak, how curl'd, how rough 'tis grown?
Look, how ſerene's the Sky, how calm the air?
Now, hark, it thunders round the Hemiſphere!
This great unconſtancy of humane State
Corrupts each minute of our happy Fate.
But, oh! the worſt of ills is ſtill behind,
The rav'nous converſe with our beaſtly kind.
Sure Nature firſt in anger did intend
A plague of Monſters o'er the world to ſend;

The

Then brought forth her most brutish Off-spring Men,
And turn'd each house into a savage den.
In this rapacious species we may find
All that's destructive in the preying kind;
Lion, Wolf, Tyger, Bear, *and* Crocodile,
Strong to devour, and cunning to beguile:
These Beasts *are led to prey by* appetite,
And that *once pleas'd, no more in blood delight*;
But Man, *like Hell, has an insatiate thirst,*
And still is keenest when so full to burst.
This raises *Fraud*, makes *Treach'ry* fine and gay,
While banish'd *Justice* flies disrob'd away:
This fills the World with loud allarms of War,
And turns the *peaceful Plow-share* to a *hostile Spear.*
Who wou'd be slave to such a tyrant Life,
That still engages him in Noise and Strife?
Long since, alas! I did my Years compleat,
And serv'd for freedom, still deny'd by Fate.
When I compute to what a price amount
My mispent days, I'm *bankrupt* in th'account.
Oh! what strange frenzy does those men possess,
Who rashly deem long life a *happiness?*
They sure are strangers to the Joys above,
Who more than *Home* a wretched *Exile* love.
But *Heav'n*'s remote, and its *far-distant bliss*
Appears *minute* to our mistaken Eyes.

Ah!

Ah! why, my *Country*, art thou plac'd so far,
That I am still a *tedious wanderer?*

Happier the *Exiles* of old Heathen *Rome*,
Whom only *Tiber* did divide from *home*!
While to *remoter banishment* design'd,
A vast *Abyss* 'twixt *Heav'n* and *me* I find.
The *Hebrew slaves* were freed i'th' *Jubilee*;
Unhappier *Vassal!* I shall ne'er be free.
The swift fore-runner of the welcom Spring
Finds after Winter's cold a time to sing:
She who did long in dark recesses lie,
Now flies abroad and resalutes the Sky.
But still I live excluded from *above*,
Deny'd the Object of my Bliss and Love.
Haste, haste, *my God*, and take me up to *Thee*;
There let me *live*, where I was *made to be*:
Or if my *Body*'s freedom's not design'd,
So soon, at least, I will be there in *mind*.

Aug. Serm. 43.

There are two tormentors of the Soul, which do not torture it together, but by turns; their names are Fear *and* Grief: *When it is* well *with you, you* fear; *when* ill, *you* grieve.

VIII. *O wretched*

Mrs Hawkes Hand

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Rom. 7. 24.

P. 192.

VIII.

O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death? Rom. vij. 24.

WHere are the loſt delights for which I *grieve*,
But which my *ſorrows* never can *retrieve*?
Such vaſt *delights*——but mention not the loſs,
Whoſe ſad *remembrance* is thy greateſt *croſs*:
And Fate is kindeſt when it *robs* us ſo,
To take away our *ſenſe of ſuffering* too.
On our *firſt Parents* folly we exclaim,
As if *They* only were, as *firſt*, to blame:
On *Eve* and *Adam* we diſcharge our rage,
And thus *expoſe* our *naked Parentage*.
Tho' thou who thy Firſt Parents doſt condemn,
Thou ought'ſt to blame thy ſelf as well as them.
When Life at one raſh *Caſt* was thrown away,
Thou didſt, as well as thy Forefather, *play*.
But I (alaſs!) condemn not *them* alone,
Nor while I mind *their fall*, forget *my own*.
With *Eve* I was conſenting to the cheat,
Impos'd on *Adam*, and helpt him to eat.

Hence I my *nakedneſs* and *ſhame* deriv'd,
And skins of Beaſts to cover *both* receiv'd:
Was from my *forfeit Eden* juſtly driv'n,
The *curſe of Earth*, and the *contempt of Heav'n*.
Nor do I now the *general loſs* bemoan;
My *griefs* too little to bewail *my own*.
The tragick ſtory from my *Birth* I'll take,
For early grief did my firſt ſilence break.
'Twas *July*'s Month, the loveliest of the Year,
(Tho' all my Life *December* did appear:)
The *Twenty-ſeventh*; Oh! had it been my laſt,
I had not mourn'd, nor that made too much haſte.
That was the fatal day that gave me breath,
Which prov'd almoſt my teeming *Parent*'s death;
And *ſtill*, as *then*, to *her* (alas!) I've been
A true *Benoni*, not a *Benjamin*.
No ſooner was I for the *Cradle* dreſt,
But a ſtrange horror all around poſſeſt;
Who with one dire *prophetick voice* preſage
Th' *attending miſ'ries* of my growing age.
Why didſt thou give me life, more *fatal day*
Than *that* which took th' *Ægyptian Males* away?
No more be numbred in the *Calendar*,
But in *thy place* let a *large blot* appear!
Or if thou muſt thy *annual ſtation keep*,
Let each hour *thunder*, and each minute *weep*!

I

Let, as on Cain, *some mark be fix'd on* Thee,
That giving Life, *didst worse than murder me.*
Now, *Friends*, I find your fatal *Aug'ry* true;
My *woes* each other, like my *hours* pursue.
Hence the large sources of my tears arise,
And no dry minute wipes my flowing eyes.
No sooner had I left my *childish Plays*,
The *harmless pastimes* of my *happiest Days*:
Now past a *Child*, yet still in *Judgment* so,
I study'd first what I was not to know.
And my first grief was to lament my Fate,
And yet 'twas seldom I had time for *that*.
My stubborn Soul a long resistance made,
Impatient thus by *Nature* to be sway'd:
Oft strove to *Heav'n* to raise its lofty flight,
As oft suppress by its gross *Body*'s weight:
But what it cou'd not *reach*, its eyes *pursue*;
Then cry'd, *Ah God!* and shed a briny dew.
Twice more it wou'd repeat the pleasing noise,
But struggling sighs restrain'd th'imprison'd voice.
Such sure were felt in *Babels* Monarchs breast,
When of his *Throne* and *Nature* dispossest:
But conquer'd *Patience* yields at last to *Grief*,
And thus I vent my wo, and beg belief.

Bleſt Author of my Life, hear my complaint,
And free this Captive from its loath'd reſtraint!
Speak but the word, thy Servant ſhall be free!
Thou *mad'ſt* me thus, O thus *unbody* me!
Or if thou wilt not *this relief* afford,
Grant ſome kind *Poiſon*, or ſome friendly *Sword*!
Dying I'd hug the *Author* of my Death,
And beg his *pardon* with my lateſt breath.
But to ſave man the *guilt*, ſend ſome *Diſeaſe!*
Death in the *moſt affrighting ſhape* will pleaſe.
Were I to act *Perillu*'s ſcorching Scene,
I ſhou'd rejoice to hear my ſelf complain.
Oh Heav'n! my *patience* is o'ercome by *grief!*
Is there *above* no ſuccour, no relief?
The mercy *Death* is all I thee implore:
Lord! grant it ſoon, leſt I blaſpheme thy pow'r.
When for diſpatch tormented wretches pray,
No *cruelty*'s ſo barb'rous as *delay*.
Why am I to this noiſom Carcaſe ty'd,
Whoſe ſtench is death in all its ghaſtly pride?
Then ſpeak the word, and I ſhall ſoon be free;
Thou form'dſt *me thus, O thus* unbody *me!*

Amb. in Pſal. cxviij.

How does that Soul live, *that is incloſed in a covering of* Death?

IX. *I am*

I am in a straight between two, having a desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.
Philip. 1. 23.

P. 198.

IX.

I am in a ſtraight between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt, Philip. i. 23.

HOw ſhall I do to *fix* my *doubtful* Love?
Shall I remain *below*, or ſoar *above?*
Here *Earth* detains me, and retards my flight;
There *Heav'n* invites me to ſublime delight:
Heav'n calls aloud, and bids me *haſte away*;
While *Earth* allures, and gently whiſpers, *ſtay!*
But hence thou fly *Inchantreſs* of my heart!
I'll break thy fetters, and deſpiſe thy art.
Haſte, haſte, kind Fate, unlock my Priſon door!
Were I releas'd, how I aloft wou'd ſoar?
See, *Lord!* my ſtruggling arms tow'rds *Thee* are ſent,
And ſtrive to graſp thee in their wide extent.
Oh! had I pow'r to mount above the Pole,
And touch the Center *of my longing Soul!*
Tho' torn in ſunder by the flight I be,
I'd looſe one *half*, might *t'other* reach but Thee.

But thou above derid'ſt my weak deſigns,
And ſtill oppoſeſt what thy word injoins.
Vainly I *beg* what thou doſt ſtill *deny*,
And ſtretch my hands to reach what's plac'd too *high*.
Oft to my ſelf *falſe Hopes* of *Thee* I feign,
And think thou kindly com'ſt to break my Chain.
Now, now, I cry, my Soul ſhall ſoar above!
But this (alas!) was all diſſembled Love.
Sure this *belief* ſome pity might obtain;
Thou ſhou'dſt at leaſt for *this* have broke my Chain.
But if I'm ſtill confin'd, my *Wings* I'll try;
And if I fail, in *great attempts I die*.

But ſee! *He* comes, and as he glides along,
He beckons me, and ſeems to ſay, *Come on*.
I'll riſe, and flie into his lov'd embrace,
And ſnatch a kiſs, a thouſand, from his face.
Now, now he's near, his ſacred Robe I touch,
And I ſhall graſp him at the next approach:
But he (alas!) has mock'd my vain deſign,
And fled theſe arms, theſe ſlighted arms of mine:
For tho' the diſtance ne'er ſo little be,
It ſeems th'*Extremes* of the *vaſt Globe* to *me*.
Thus does my *Love* my longing *tantalize*,
And bids me *follow*, while too faſt *he flies*.

Thus

Thus *ſportive Love* delights in *little cheats*,
Which oft are puniſh'd with *ſevere deceits*.

The World has an *Original* in *me*,
To paint *deluded Lovers miſery*:
And *he* who has his *eaſie Fair* betray'd,
Finds all his *falſhood* with *large Int'reſt* paid.
I ne'er ſuſpected *thou* cou'dſt faithleſs be,
But *ſad experience* has inſtructed me.

As a chain'd *Maſtiff*, begging to be looſe,
With reſtleſs clamours fills the deafned houſe;
But if deny'd, his teeth the *Chain* engage,
And vent on *that* their inoffenſive rage:
So I complain, petition to be freed,
And humbly proſtrate beg the help I need.
But when you frown, and my requeſt deny,
Deaf as the Rocks to my repeated cry;
Then I againſt my hated *Clog* exclaim,
And on my *Chain* lay all the guilty blame.
Thus grief pretends, by giving paſſion vent,
To eaſe the pain of my Impriſonment.
But I unjuſtly blame the *Chain* alone,
And ſpare the *cruel hand* that ty'd it on.
Well might the barb'rous load of Chains I bear
Become a *Renegado ſlave* to wear;

But why this harſh ill uſage, Love, to me,
Whoſe whole endeavour is to come to Thee?
But when my Soul attempts that lofty flight,
'Tis ſtill ſuppreſt by a groſs bodies weight.
So fare *young Birds*, by Nature wing'd in vain,
Whom ſportful Boys with ſcanty Threads reſtrain;
When eager to retrieve their *native air*,
They riſe a little height, and flutter there:
But having to their utmoſt limits flown, (down
The more they ſtrive to mount, they fall the faſter
Each, tho' it ſleeps in its *young Tyrants* breaſt,
And is with *Banquets* from his lips careſt;
Yet prizes more the *freedom of the Wood*,
Than all the *Dainties* of its dear-bought food.
Could *tears* diſſolve my Chains, O with what eaſe
I'd weep a *Deluge* for a quick releaſe?
But tears are vain, reach, *Lord!* thy hands to me,
And in return I'll ſtretch my Chains to thee.
Thou, only thou canſt looſe my bands; for none
Can take them off, but he that put them on.

Chryſoſt

Chryſoſt. hom. 55. ad pop. Antioch.

How long ſhall we be faſtned here? We ſtick to the Earth, and as if we ſhould always live there, we wallow in the mire. God gave us Bodies of Earth, that we ſhould carry them to Heaven, *not that we ſhould by them debaſe our Souls to the* Earth.

Bring my Soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name. Psal. 142. 9.

P. 204

X.

Bring my Soul out of Priſon, that I may praiſe thy name, cxlij. 9.

I Who did once thro' Heav'ns wide Regions rove,
Free Denizon of thoſe vaſt Realms above;
Now to a *narrow Dungeon* am confin'd,
A Cave that darkens and reſtrains my mind.
When firſt my Soul put on its fleſhly load,
It was impriſon'd in the dark abode;
My *feet* were *fetters*, my *hands manacles*,
My *ſinews chains*, and all *confinement* elſe;
My *bones* the *bars* of my loath'd *Priſon-grate*;
My *tongue* the *turnkey*, and my *mouth* the *gate*.

Why from my *native ſtation* am I ſent
A *Captive* to this *narrow tenement*?
How oft wou'd I attempt a *ſhameful flight*,
In *Fire* or *Water* bid the World *good night*?
How oft have I *their happy Fate* admir'd,
Who by the *Sword* or *Poiſon* have expir'd?

But to gain Heav'n, we must Heav'ns leisure stay;
Such rash attempters have mistook the way.
As only Heav'n our Beings did bestow,
'Tis Heav'ns sole right to countermand them too:
And when to take what That *first gave we strive,*
We impiously encroach on God's Prerogative;
And on our Souls by this unlawful act,
In breaking Pris'n we a new guilt contract:
While th'impious course we take to set us free,
Betrays us to a greater slavery.
Had I some winding *Lab'rinth* for my *Jayl*,
I then might *hope* for freedom to prevail:
But while imbody'd in this Flesh *I lie*,
Heav'n *must be the Deliverer, not* I.
Let the mistaken wretch his Pris'n accuse,
Which for his flight did no kind means refuse.
Wou'd some kind chink one heavenly Ray admit
To bless my Eyes, how wou'd I honour it?
But while confin'd to this dark Cell I lie,
My *captive Soul* can't reach its *native Sky*.
Here, even my *will*'s a slave to *Passions* made,
Passions which have its *Liberty* betray'd.
When piously it is inclin'd to *good*,
'Tis by *repugnant Passions* still withstood.
Thus Israel *in th'* Ægyptian *bondage far'd*,
While from the Service of their God debarr'd;

When to his Worſhip they deſir'd to go,
The Tyrant Phar'oh *always anſwer'd,* No.
Oh my dear God! viſit this humble Cell,
And ſee within what narrow Walls I dwell.
But if the *Locks,* and *Bars,* and *Grates* affright,
Command them all to *open* at thy ſight.
Command them, *Lord,* to ſet thy Servants free;
Nor will this deed without example be:
Angels have left their *Thrones* and *Bliſs* above,
To ranſom thoſe whom thou art pleas'd to love:
Thus *Peter* did his op'ning Priſon view,
Yet ſcarce believ'd the *Miracle* was true.
But no ſuch favour is indulg'd to me,
I want (alaſs!) ſuch happy *Liberty.*
Come, my dear Lord! unlock my priſon Gate,
And let my Soul tow'rd Heav'n expatiate:
In triumph tho' thy Slave conducted be,
I'll bleſs the *Chains* that bind me cloſe to *Thee.*
To *Thee* my Hands are thro' the Grates addreſt;
O that I cou'd but follow with the reſt!
The *captive Bird* about its *Cage* will fly,
And the leaſt way for its *eſcape* eſpy,
And with its Bill gnaws thro' the *twiggy grate*
A ſecret paſſage to its firſt *free ſtate.*
Canſt thou, *my God!* be deaf to all my cries,
And more obdurate than my *Priſon* is?

Not

Nor for *my self*, but *Thee* do I complain,
Thy sacred praise, which I *would sing*, in vain;
For *here* (alas!) I cannot once rejoice,
Nor touch my *strings*, nor raise my *tuneful voice*.
For Birds confin'd, to rage convert their *Notes*,
Or *sullen* grown, lock up their silent throats.
Come then, *my God*, unlock my *Prison-gate*,
And let my Soul tow'rds Heav'n expatiate!
There my loud voice in joyful Notes I'll raise,
And sing *Eternal Anthems* to thy praise.
But if thou wilt not this request allow,
At thy own *Glory* thou must *envious grow*.

Greg.

Greg. in cap. 7. Job.

Man is impriſoned, becauſe by proficiency in virtue he often ſtrives to riſe on high, but is kept down by the corruption of his fleſh.

Like as the Hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my Soul after thee O God. Psal. 42. 1

P. 230.

XI.

Like as the Hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my Soul after thee, O God! Psal. xlij. 1.

LOrd! woud'st thou know my breasts consuming fire,
And how I pine and languish in desire?
The withering *Vi'lets* no resemblance yield,
Nor can I take it from the Sun-burnt *Field*;
Nor by *that heat* can I express my pain,
That melts us in the *fiery Dog-star*'s reign.
The *Lybian Sands*, where the Sun's warm salute
With barren drouth destroys all hope of fruit,
Ev'n *they*, compar'd with *me*, are *moist* and *cool*;
Such *raging flames* have seiz'd my *hectick Soul*.
But wou'dst thou have an *Emblem* of my pains,
Regard then how the wounded *Hart* complains,
While in his side th'envenom'd *Arrow* lies,
His Blood boils over, and his Marrow fries:
Thus thro' the *Woods* he takes a nimble flight,
Till some cool *stream* salutes his distant sight:

Then with redoubled ſpeed he pants and brays,
Till *there* his *thirſt* and *feaver* he allays.
Thus, thus *transfix'd* with an *Infernal Dart*,
I feel the poiſon raging in my heart.
Th'envenom'd blood with vi'lent fury burns,
And to a thouſand diff'rent tortures turns.
The Tyrant *Luſt* now thro' my body reigns,
And now *Intemp'rance* burſts my glutted veins.
Now *Pride*'s rank poiſon ſwells my heaving breaſt,
And curs'd *Ambition* robs me of my reſt.
Oh! from what ſtream ſhall I a *Med'cine* find
To eaſe theſe reſtleſs torments of my mind?
Thou, thou, *my God!* alone canſt eaſe my grief,
From the pure Waters of the Well of Life.
My panting *Soul* laments and pines for them,
As the chas'd *Hart* for the refreſhing *ſtream.*

Shunning the quick-nos'd *Hounds* afrighting cries
With timorous haſte oft to the *Toils* he flies:
And when he finds himſelf too cloſe beſet,
With active ſpeed o'er-leaps th'extended Net:
But hotly by his num'rous Foes purſu'd,
He ſeeks the ſuccour of ſome ſheltring Wood;
And on his neck, leſt it retard his ſpeed,
Caſts back the uſeleſs Armour of his head:

Which,

Which, since he has not courage to employ,
Assists his Foes its owner to destroy.
Sometimes he thinks the deep-mouth'd foe is near
From strong impressions of remaining fear:
Again he stands and listens for their cries,
Then, almost spent, thro' the close Thickets flies
To the clear *Springs*: And as *he* pants for *them*,
So pines *my Soul* for the *Cælestial stream*;
There he renews his strength, and lays his heat,
And rowls and wantons in the *cool retreat*.

Lord! Hell's great Nimrod *holds my Soul in chase,*
To shun whose Hounds I fly from place to place;
But closely they my weary steps pursue,
No means of succour or escape I view.
Tir'd with my flight, and faint with constant sweat,
I wish to rest, I wish to lay my heat:
But where, O where can this refreshment be?
'Tis no where, Lord! 'tis no where but with Thee.
With Thee *an ever-bubbling Fountain flows,*
The remedy *of all thy Servants* woes:
Pleasing its taste, its vertue sanative;
Nor health *alone, but* endless Life *'twill give.*
Then tell not me of Tagus *Golden flood,*
Whose rowling Sands raise a perpetual mud:

There *shou'd I drink insatiate till I burst,*
Each greedy draught wou'd re-inflame my thirst.
No, to the pleasing Springs *above I'll go,*
The Springs that in the heavenly Canaan *flow.*
My panting *Soul* laments and pines for *them,*
As the chas'd *Hart* for the refreshing *stream.*

Cyril.

Cyril. in Joan. lib. 3. cap. 10.

It is an excellent water that allays the pernicious thirſt of this World, and the heat of Vice; that waſhes off all the ſtains of ſin; that waters and improves the Earth in which our Souls inhabit; and reſtores the mind of Man, that thirſts with an earneſt deſire after its God.

When shall I come and appear before the presence of God? Psal. 42. 2.

P. 236.

XII.

When ſhall I come and appear before the preſence of God? Pſal. lxij. 2.

WIth *promis'd Joys* my ears thou oft did'ſt fill,
But they are only *Joys of Promiſe* ſtill.
Did'ſt thou not ſay thou ſoon wou'dſt call me home?
Be juſt, *my Love*, and kindly bid me *come!*
" *Expecting Lovers* count each hour a day,
" And *death* to them's leſs dreadful than *delay*.
A tedious train of Months and Years is gone,
Since firſt you bid me *hope*, yet gave me *none*.
Why with delays doſt thou abuſe my love,
And fail my vain expectancies above?
While thus th'inſulting Crowd derides my woe,
Where's now your *Love?* how well he keeps his *Vow?*
Haſte then, and home thy longing Lover take;
If not for mine, *yet for* thy promiſe *ſake*.

When

When ſhall I come before thy Throne, and ſee
Thy glorious *Scepter* kindly ſtretch'd to *me?*
For *Thee* I pine, for *Thee* I am undone,
As *drooping Flow'rs* that want their *Parent Sun.*
O cruel tort'rer of my wounded Soul,
Grant me *thy preſence*, and I ſhall be *whole!*
O when, thou *Joy* of all admiring eyes,
When ſhall I ſee thee on thy *Throne of bliſs?*

As when unwelcom *Night* begins its ſway,
And throws its ſable mantle o'er the *day;*
The withering glories of the Garden fade,
And weeping Groves bewail their lonely ſhade;
To melancholly Silence Men retire,
And no ſweet *Note* ſounds from the feather'd *Quire:*
But hardly can the riſing Morn diſplay
The purple Enſigns of approaching day;
But the glad Gardens deck themſelves anew,
And the cheer'd Groves ſhake off their heavy Dew:
To daily Labour *Man* himſelf devotes,
And *Birds* in Anthems ſtrain their tuneful throats.
So without *Thee*, I grieve, I pine, I mourn;
So triumph, ſo revive at *Thy return.*
But *Thou*, unkind, bid'ſt me delight my Eyes
With other *Beauties*, other *Rarities.*

Sometimes thou bid'ſt me mark the flow'ry *Field*;
What various ſcents and ſhews the *Medows* yield;
Then to the *Stars* thou doſt direct my ſight,
For they from *Thine* derive their borrow'd light.
Then ſaiſt, Contemplate *Man!* in *Him* thou'lt ſee
The great *reſemblance* of *thy Love* and *Me*.
Why wou'dſt thou thus deceive me with a *ſhade*,
A trifling *Image*, that will quickly fade?
My fancy ſtoops not to a *mortal aim*;
Thou, thou haſt *kindled*, and muſt *quench* my *flame*.

O glorious Face, worthy a Pow'r Divine,
Where *Love* and *Awe* with equal mixture ſhine!
Triumphant Majeſty of that *bright Ray*
Where bluſhing Angels proſtrate homage pay!
We in thy *Works* thy fix'd impreſſions trace,
Yet ſtill but faint reflections of thy *Face*.
When this inchanted *World*'s compar'd with *Thee*,
Its boaſted *Beauty*'s all *deformity*:
Thy *Stars* no ſuch tranſcending glories own
As *Thine*, whoſe light exceeds *all theirs* in *one*.
This truth ſome one of them can beſt declare,
Who on the *Mount* thy bleſt ſpectators were:
Who on Thy Glories were allow'd to gaze,
And ſaw *Heav'n* op'ned in *Thy wondrous Face*.

Thy shining Visage *all the God confest*, (dress't.
In *beautious Lambent* Flames were thy bright *Temples*

Nor can we blame thy great *Apostle*'s Zeal,
To whom thou did'st that happy sight reveal;
That slighting all before accounted dear,
He was for *building Tabernacles here.*
Yet he beheld Thee *then* within a *Veil*,
The *killing Rays* thou kindly did'st *conceal:*
He saw a *milder flame* thy Face surround,
Thy Temples with *rebated Glories* crown'd:
As when the silver Moon's reflected Beams,
In some clear Evening gild the smiling Streams:
Or cloud-born Lightning in its nimble Race
Paints on a trembling Wave Heav'ns blushing Face.
How had he wondred at the *nobler Light*,
Whose bare *Reflection* was so heav'nly bright?
But, oh! *That*'s inaccessible to humane sight!
Then *me*, oh! *me* to that *blest state* receive,
Where I may see thee *all*, and seeing *live!*
When will that happy day of Vision be,
When I shall make a near approach to *Thee*,
Be wrapt in Clouds, and lost in Mystery?

'Tis true, the *Sacred Elements* impart
Thy *virtual presence* to my *faithful heart*;
But to my *sense* still *unreveal'd* thou art.

This,

This, tho' a *great*, is an *imperfect bliss*,
T'embrace a *Cloud* for the *bright God* I wish;
My Soul a more *exalted pitch* wou'd fly,
And view *Thee* in the *heights of Majesty*.

Oh! when shall I behold Thee *all serene*,
Without one *envious Cloud*, or *Veil* between?
When distant Faith *shall in* near Vision *cease*,
And still my Love *shall with my* Sight *increase*?
That happy day dear as these *Eyes* shall be,
And more than all the dearest things, but *Thee*.

Aug. in Psal. 42.

If thou findest any thing better than to behold the face of God, haste thee thither. Wo be to that love of thine, if thou dost but imagine any thing more beautiful than He, from whom all Beauty that delights thee is derived.

O that I had the wings of a Dove! for then I would fly away, and be at rest.
Psal. 55. 6. *P. 222.*

XIII.

O that I had the wings of a Dove! for then I would fly away, and be at rest, Psal. lv. 6.

THO' *Great Creator!* I receive from *Thee*
All that I *am*, and all I *hope* to be;
Yet, might thy humble Clay expostulate,
I wou'd complain of my *defective state.*

To Man th'ast given the boundless Regency
Of three vast Realms, the *Ocean*, *Earth*, and *Sky:*
But, oh; how shall this ample Pow'r be try'd,
When still the means to use it are deny'd?

Pardon my hasty censure of thy skill,
Who think thy mighty Work defective still!
Nor am I forward to correct thy Art,
By wishing Man a *Casement* in his Heart,
Whose dark Recesses all the World might see;
That prospect justly is reserv'd for *Thee:*
But the defect I mourn is *greater far*;
Of *Fins* to cut the Waves, and *Wings* the Air.

Inferior

Inferior Creatures no perfection want,
To hinder their enjoyment of *Thy grant:*
The *ſcaly Race* have nimble *Fins* allow'd,
With which they range about their native Flood:
And all the *feather'd Tenants* of the Air,
Born up on tow'ring *Wings*, expatiate *there.*
Thus ev'ry Creature finds a *bleſt content*
Adapted to its proper *Element:*
But *Man*, for the *command of all* deſign'd,
Is ſtill to *One* injuriouſly *confin'd*;
While Nature often is *extravagant*,
And gives his Subjects *more than what they want.*
Some of the *watry kind*, we know, can *fly*,
And viſit, when they pleaſe, the lofty Sky;
And, in *exchange*, ſome of the *aery brood*
Deſcend, and turn bold Pirates in the *Flood:*
While ſtill to *Man* Heav'n does all means deny
To exerciſe his *vain Authority.*
Ev'n buzzing *Inſects* with light *wings* are bleſt,
In whoſe ſmall frame Heav'n has much art expreſt:
But *Man*, the great, the noble *Maſter-piece*,
Wants a perfection that *abounds* in *theſe.*
Nay ſome, the *meaneſt* of the *feather'd kind*,
For neither *profit* nor *delight* deſign'd,
Stretch their Dominions to a vaſt extent,
Nor pleas'd with *Two*, range a *third Element*;

Some-

Sometimes on *Earth* they walk with *ſtately* pace,
And ſport and revel on the tender graſs;
Then for the *liquid ſtream* exchange the *ſhoar*,
And dally *there* as wanton as before:
But wearied, *thence* their moiſtned wings they rear,
To take their wild diverſion in the *Air*.
Sure *theſe* to rule the *triple World* were ſent,
And *denizon'd* of *every Element*:
But *Man*, excluded both the *Sea* and *Air*,
Can make ſmall uſe of his Dominion *there*.
Nor yet repine I that the *Earth*'s alone
Man's Element, ſince I deſire but *One*;
My whole *ambition*'s to *exchange* my place,
Tho' with the *meaneſt* of the *feather'd Race*.
Grant me but *wings* that I may *upwards* ſoar,
I'll forfeit *them* if e'er I covet *more*.
Nor canſt thou, *Lord!* my juſt petition blame,
When thou regard'ſt the *end* of all my aim:
The *Miſeries below*, and *Joys above*,
Recal from *hence*, and *thither* point my love.
The Earth (*alas!*) *no ſettled ſtation knows*,
So faſt the deluge of its ruine flows:
Numberleſs troubles and calamities
Increaſe the Flood, too apt it ſelf to riſe.
Tir'd with long flight, my weary Soul can meet
No friendly bough to entertain her feet.

Here no bleſt ſign of Peace or Plenty is ;
All lie o'erwhelm'd in the profound Abyſs.
O whither then ſhall I for ſafety go ?
I muſt not hope ſo great a good below.
Vainly to Honour *or to* Wealth *I fly,*
Theſe *cannot be* their own ſecurity ;
My ſole dependance is the Sacred Ark,
There, *there my Soul in ſafety may embarque :*
Thou ſend'ſt her thence, *Lord, call her* home *again,*
And ſtretch thy favouring hand to take her in !
But ſhe's (alas !) too weak for ſuch a flight,
Her flagging wings are baffled by its height.
Wou'dſt thou vouchſafe to imp them, ſhe wou'd fly,
And brave the tow'ring Monarch of the Sky ;
Then ſhe wou'd haſte to her eternal Reſt,
And build above the Clouds her lofty Neſt ;
There basking in the ſplendor of thy Beams,
Be all imploy'd on bright Angelick Themes ;
In which th'adulterate World ſhall have no part,
That ſly Debaucher of my wandring heart :
But in ſeraphick Flames for Thee *I'll burn,*
And never, never think of a return.

Amb. Hom. 7.

Nothing can fly but what is pure, light, and subtile, and whose purity is not corrupted by intemperance, nor its cheerfulness or swiftness retarded by any weight.

O how amiable are thy Tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts. Psal. 84. 1.

P. 228.

XIV.

O how amiable are thy Tabernacles: thou Lord of Hosts! Psal. lxxxiv. 1.

GReat *Leader* of the *Starry Hosts* that stand
In shining order on thy either hand!
Such bright *magnificence* adorns *Thy Throne*,
That *hence* my *ravish'd Soul* wou'd fain be gone,
To offer *there* her low Devotion.
Hail glorious *Palace*, which a lofty Mound
Of shining *Jasper* closely does surround!
Where the blew *Saphyre* and clear *Chrysolite*
At once *astonish* and *affect* the Sight!
Where sparkling *Topas-thresholds* kiss the feet
Of all who come towards the *Almighty's* Seat!
By doors of dazling *Adamant* let in,
Where *Golden Roofs* on *Emerald Pillars* shine!
This lofty *Structure*, this divine *Abode*,
Becomes the *Presence* of its *Founder-God*,

Here pureſt *Ayrs*, fann'd in by *Angels Wings*,
Breathe all the *Odors* of ten thouſand *Springs*.
Here no benumming *Froſts* dare once be rude,
Nor piercing *Snows* within theſe *Courts* intrude.
The *torrid Zone* is far remote from *hence*,
This Climate feels a *gentler influence*.
This true *Elizium*'s pleaſures ne'er decay,
Whoſe time is all but *one eternal day*.

Bright Reſident of the Cœleſtial Spheres!
How deſpicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears?
The very name of *Grief*'s a Stranger *here*,
And nothing can beget a thought of *Fear*.
Here undiſturb'd *Tranquillity* preſides,
And entrance to all *jarring Foes* forbids.
Hence every *Paſſion*, *Frailty* and *Diſeaſe*,
All that may *injure*, *trouble*, or *diſpleaſe*,
All that may *diſcompoſe* th'exalted mind,
Are to eternal baniſhment confin'd.

Bright Reſident of the Cœleſtial Spheres!
How deſpicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears?
Here feaſting Souls perpetual Revels keep,
And never are concern'd for food *or* ſleep;
With indefatigable Zeal they move,
Born on the wings of Duty *and of* Love.

Diſſolv'd

Dissolv'd in Hymns, *here Quires of Angels lie,*
And with loud Halelujah's *fill the Sky.*
Here new-come Saints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While Iv'ry Harps and Silver Trumpets sound.
Here ruddy Cherubs *sacred* Hymns *begin,*
And smiling Seraphs *loud* Resonses *sing* ;
While echoing Angels *the blest* Ayrs *retort,*
Follow'd by a loud Chorus *of the* Universal Court :
While, to compleat the Musick *of the* Quire
The Royal Psalmist *tunes his* Sacred Lyre.

Such was the mighty Joy, when they caress'd
The Royal CHARLES, *their welcom martyr'd Guest.*
Such Songs of Triumph fill'd Heav'ns space around,
When in his room his God-like Son was crown'd:
Him, *for whose safety they were oft imploy'd,*
And blest the grateful Orders they obey'd :
Him, *for whose sake they did* loud Storms *asswage,*
And still'd the more tumultuous Peoples rage ;
Knowing His Reign *such Blessings woud dispence,*
To make their pains a glorious recompence :
So mild, so good——such woes his Exit *brings,*
When they look on, they sigh, and flag their Wings.
O that my ravish'd Soul coud mount the Skies,
To hear the Musick of their Psalmodies!

The meaneſt Seat *in this bright Court I'd chuſe,*
Before the beſt Preferment *Earth beſtows;*
For one ſhort days *ſublime injoyment* here
Exceeds an Age *of the chief Pleaſure* there.
Haſte then, my Soul! *to thoſe bleſt Manſions fly,*
With thoſe bright Objects pleaſe thy wondring eye!
With their ſweet Ayrs fill thy attentive ear,
Till thou haſt learnt to chant glad Anthems *there!*
Till thou, *inſtructed in the heav'nly Art,*
May'ſt in their Conſort *bear an humble* part!
Bleſt Reſident of the Cœleſtial Spheres!
How deſpicable's Earth, when Heav'n appears?
What pure delights that happy place allows?
How many Manſions in my Father's Houſe?
My *flaming* Soul can thence no longer ſtay;
If *none goes there and lives,* I'll *die* to find the way.

Bonavent.

Bonavent. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O my Soul! what can I say when I behold the Joy to come? I am lost in admiration, because the Joy will be within and without, above and below, about and beside us.

XV. *Make*

Make haste my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices. Cant. 8. 14.

P. 234.

XV.

Make haſte, my Beloved, and be like the Roe or the young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices, Cant. viij. 14.

HAſte, *my bright Sun!* haſte from my dazzel'd ſight,
Too tender to endure thy ſtreaming light:
How does my *Tongue* my love-ſick *Soul* betray?
This bids him *fly*, whom that wou'd beg to *ſtay*.
For why ſhou'd I his abſence thus engage,
Which *grant* will make one tedious hour an Age?
Yet his too beautious Beams forbid his ſtay;
Fly then, *my Love*, or lay thoſe Beams away!
Hadſt thou on me this harſh Injunction laid,
The killing ſound at once had ſtruck me dead:
But thy own *flame*, not I, wou'd have it ſo,
I ſhou'd be Ages in pronouncing *Go!*
I wou'd not wiſh what now I do intreat;
Then ſtay, and let me *not perſuade* Thee yet!
Stay, ſtay *my Life*, and turn the deafned ear!
Sure what I wou'd not *ſpeak*, you ſhou'd not *hear*.

Hence

Hence let the wind my feign'd Petition bear!
'Twas *fear*, not *I*, that form'd the haſty Pray'r.
Yet (oh!) this melting heat forbids your ſtay;
Fly, fly, *my Love*, I burn if you delay.
Oh! let your haſte outſtrip the hunted Hind;
But that's too ſlow; fly like the nimble Wind!
Fly till thou leave'ſt ev'n flagging thought *behind!*
Yet in thy flight a longing look beſtow,
A ſpeaking glance, to ſhew thee loath to go.
But that once caſt, renew your ſpeed away:
Fly, fly, my Love, *there's death in your delay!*
Behold thoſe lofty Sky-ſaluting Hills,
Where rich Perfume from weeping Trees diſtills!
Where Lawrels, Cedars, and ſoft Myrtles grow,
And all the Spice *Arabia* can beſtow:
To their high tops direct thy nimble flight,
Till *thou*, like *them*, art vaniſh'd from my ſight!
Fly to the heights where the gay Seraphs ſing,
And the young Cherubs exerciſe their wing!
Fly till the Stars appear as much below
Thy Station, as they are above it now!
Thoſe places are inur'd to heat and fire,
And what *I dread*, is what *they moſt deſire.*
One Spark's ſufficient to inflame my Soul;
Oh! do not then conſume me with the whole!

Then let thy haſte the hunted Hind out-go!
And yet, methinks, thou ſhoud'ſt not leave me ſo!
Fly where thou often may'ſt with eaſe look back,
Nor from my ſight too far a Journey take:
But keep ſuch diſtance as the glorious *Sun*,
When with moſt light he guilds the pale-fac'd *Moon!*
Ah! this diſcov'ry of my Soul forgive!
I cannot *with thee*, nor *without thee*, live.
If thou art *near*, I *burn*; *remote*, I *freeze*;
And *either diſtance* does *alike diſpleaſe*.
Then ſo approach me, *Lord*, I thee deſire,
That I may feel thy *warmth*, but not thy *fire*.
Fly then, *my Life!* faſt as the hunted Deer;
But go no more *too far*, than ſtay *too near!*
And when th'art gone, on reedy Pipes I'll play,
And ſing thy Praiſes in an amorous Lay;
And when I've wearied out the tedious night,
With a new task I will my ſelf delight.
I'll carve at large on ev'ry ſpreading Tree
Our Loves *Original* and *Hiſtory*.
What time remains I'll dedicate to ſleep,
Yet ſtill my waking thoughts *lov'd Object* keep.
But ſee how while I ſpeak I melt away!
Haſte your ungrateful flight without delay!
Yet go as tho' you this departure mourn,
And all your haſte were for a quick return.

Amb.

Amb. de bono Mortis, cap. 5.

The Soul desires that her Beloved would be gone, because now she is able to follow him in his flight.

FINIS.

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